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SIR ALEXANDER T. GALT.

New Dominion Monthly.

AUGUST, 1876.

COUNT CAVOUR.

When the history of the nineteenth century will be written, after the present generation has passed away, and a more unprejudiced and truer view be taken of the vast changes and important events which each day are passing under our notice, than it is possible to expect as yet, there are few if any names which will stand higher in the bright list of patriots and statesmen than that of Camillo Benso, Conte di Cavour, and certainly none which will be dwelt upon with more affectionate remembrance and just pride by an Italian historian. It is not only that by the sole power of his genius and fervor of his patriotism he raised his native country from a small province of five millions to a great nation of twenty-seven, but that he also succeeded, unaided almost and often strongly opposed, to introduce into a land groaning under absolute despotism, overshadowed by ignorance and superstition, and writhing under the oppressive rod of foreign rule, free institutions, education and enlightenment, national liberty and independence. This task of herculean difficulty Count Cavour accomplished in the incredibly short space of ten years.

Cavour by birth belonged to one of the oldest noble families of Piedmont, and from his earliest youth was brought up to the profession of arms. At the age of eighteen he completed his military training and entered the army with the rank of lieutenant of engineers. The restraints of his profession seem, however, to have proved irksome to his naturally restless disposition, and having given offence by some expressions considered at that time somewhat too liberal and advanced, he was, in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, allowed to resign. From the date of his resignation until 1847, Cavour seems to have devoted himself entirely to study and travel, with a view to preparing himself for his future political life, to which he had already commenced to look forward with much earnestness. Most of that time he spent in England, studying the British system of constitutional government, and mixing freely in the best society, to which his birth and position gave him ready access; and there he acquired that taste for English customs and manners which stuck to him through life, and with which he was afterwards often reproached, and which at one time tended materially to affect his popularity in his own country. If, however, from his stay in the British isles he brought back with him some peculiarities of dress and living which may have appeared strange and distasteful to his countrymen, he there

acquired a strong love of constitutional freedom, a thorough knowledge of parliamentary government, and the friendship of men of political note and influence, which proved of the greatest service to his country in the future.

In 1847, Cavour and several of his political associates, founded the *Resorgimento*, a journal devoted to advancement and reform, and strongly advocating Italian union and independence As a powerful and original thinker, he had already attracted notice by some of his contributions to the leading French reviews. Two of his articles especially, one on "Communism," and another on the "State of Ireland," by their originality and power, had challenged considerable attention. In his own organ he went on steadfastly and gradually advocating such reforms as he deemed necessary and wise, never allowing himself to be carried away by the exaggerated theories and fanciful schemes of enthusiastic and visionary revolutionists, and at the same time boldly combating all abuses, no matter how venerable from age or well-established by custom. In 1848, speaking of the French Revolution, he thus prophesied the result of what he considered the irrational course pursued by its promoters, giving a marked instance of the extraordinary keenness of sight with which he could peer into the future, following, with unerring accuracy the future results of actions of which the instigators themselves were at the time ignorant: "This iniquitous and ignorant faction finds itself confronted by science, affection, the individual, the family—every fundamental law of human society. . . . . What does it signify? It has implicit faith in revolutionary measures, is certain of victory, and enacts the 24th of June. French blood flows in torrents. France, upon the brink of an abyss, arouses herself and hastens to suppress the foolhardy attempt. What has been the result? We were looking for a democratic and social republic; we were in possession of the germs of many ideas, which, if developed by peaceful and ordinary means, would probably have resulted in some new advance in political science; and, instead, we have Paris under martial law, in Piedmont a dubious and dilatory intervention, at Naples a shameful intimacy between the French envoy and the Bourbon tyrant. . . . Let us wait a while longer, and we shall see the final result of revolutionary measures—Louis Napoleon upon the throne." So accurate was already the estimate which Cavour had formed of the character and designs of the future emperor of France. It is well-known that Napoleon always dreaded, to a certain extent, the subtlety and ability of the Italian Minister, and it is more than probable that, had Cavour not died when he did, the Emperor would not have vouchsafed that frank and outspoken recognition of the Italian Kingdom which he gave so promptly after that statesman's death. The Emperor is said to have declared repeatedly that the only antagonist whose subtlety equalled his own was Cavour. "There are but three men in Europe," said he one day at Plombières, when talking to Count Cavour, "and two of them are now in this room."

On the first of May, 1848, the first sub-Alpine parliament was convoked, and Cavour took his seat as a member. Those who had expected to see him lead the advanced wing of the Radicals were doomed to disappointment,—his sympathies leaned more towards the Right Centre. But if, on the one hand, he could not be induced to lend his powerful assistance to the democrats of ultra stamp, neither would he help the conservatives in their efforts at retrogression and reaction. The consequence was that, holding a medium course between both parties, he was distrusted by the extreme partisans of each, and became the favorite target of all their invectives and sarcasms

by the one side, looked upon as a renegade to his order and class; by the other, as a lukewarm reformer whose sympathies were after all with the nobility and church to which by birth he belonged. At that time, Cavour may be said to have been one of the most unpopular men in the country, abused and interrupted in the House, hissed and hooted by the populace outside, accused of anglomania, and styled in scorn and contempt "Lord Camillo" and "My Lord Risorgimento." As might have been expected by those who knew the intrepidity of character with which he was gifted, and the unswerving firmness of his will, these demonstrations did not seem to affect him much, and certainly did not induce him to alter in any way the line of conduct he had marked out for himself. On one occasion, when the storm of turbulent passion with which he was assailed seemed stronger than usual, he remarked, "Whoever interrupts me does not insult me, but the Chamber, and the insult I divide with my colleagues." It is the only remonstrance he offered. The following year he was not returned; but on a dissolution which shortly followed he was again elected, and from that time to the day of his death held a seat in the Legislature. In 1850 he made a speech in favor of ecclesiastical reform, and from that day his popularity may be said to have become unbounded.

It has been often remarked that the influence of the Church of Rome, wherever it has asserted itself as a preponderant power in the State, has proved to be most hurtful to progress and civilization. Italy, Spain and Portugal, all under priestly dominion, were, and still are, very much behind the rest of Europe in education, civil liberty, and material prosperity. It was not difficult for a man of the penetration of Count Cavour to discover the cause from whence this blight proceeded, and he determined, if possible, to free the State from the control of the Church. The undertaking was a very bold one, full of difficulties and dangers calculated to daunt even a brave man; but the world has rarely produced a man of such moral intrepidity as the Italian statesman, and having once fully determined within himself that the only means of securing the prosperity of his native country was to sever the chain by which the Pope held it in bondage, he set about the task of doing so at once. In 1851, Cavour was named Minister of Foreign Affairs; in 1852 he was called upon to form a ministry, and became Prime Minister, President of the Council and Minister of Finance; in 1855 the bill for the suppression of convents and support of the clergy by the State was passed. These three years had been one of continuous and arduous strife, the Minister on one side supported by the favor of the people, and the voice of the public opinion of all Europe, and gallantly backed by the King, who from the day he put his interests in Cavour's hands always upheld him to the full extent of his power and authority; and on the other the hierarchy, maddened at the thought of losing their long-exercised power, their immunities and privileges, their ill-gotten gains and usurped authority, calling to their aid all the ecclesiastical censures, threats and denunciations, with which the papal arsenal is so liberally supplied, answering arguments by execrations, and acts of Parliament by bulls of excommunication. Cavour persisted in his designs, and whether or not it is that these ecclesiastical censures gain prominence and apparent power, as some objects are said to acquire beauty, from distance, or that familiarity has in Italy gravitated towards contempt, certain it is that a papal excommunication seems to inspire very much less awe in Europe than in America. The poor old Pope, propped up and stimulated by his wily advisers the Jesuits, poured forth the vials of his impotent wrath in

monitions, censures, excommunications, to no purpose. The statesman, supported by the people, the Parliament and the King, pursued his course; first civil marriage was established, and, before the priesthood had recovered from its horror, ecclesiastical property was declared subject to taxation; educational measures followed, and finally, in 1855, by the suppression of the convents and confiscation of their property, the Church, in matters temporal, was, as it should be, made subject to the State. In all these measures of reform, and throughout the whole course of his administration, Cavour was very strongly supported by England, whose moral influence, so much laughed at of late, certainly carried with it great weight at that time, and his proceedings encouraged to the uttermost by Lord Palmerston. The English Minister, besides the sympathy he could not but feel for so proper and praiseworthy an object, had another and a stronger reason for aiding and abetting the Italian in his assault upon the papal power. It will be remembered that in 1850, having somewhat recovered from the discomposure of his flight to Gaeta, Pius IX., moved and instigated as he has been in every act of his life since, by the evil influence and pernicious counsels of the Jesuits, determined to attack England, and on the 30th September, named Dr. Wiseman Cardinal and Lord Archbishop of Westminster. It was unquestionably a most insolent, uncalled-for and indefensible aggression. The nomination to an English See was in direct violation of the express law of the land, and raised a storm of indignation in England. The Ecclesiastical Title Bill was passed, and matters went on much as they had done before. The Pope and his cardinal maintained the illegal power they had assumed, it is true, but were intimidated by the burst of indignation with which their first attempts had been met, from exercising it in such a way as to cause further offence. The Pope's insolence seemed apparently to have been forgotten by everyone when his troubles began in Italy. That these troubles were to the utmost fostered by the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Lord Palmerston, there is no doubt; and from 1855 to 1875 it must be admitted that His Holiness has been kept sufficiently busy at home to prevent him from gratuitously disturbing the peace of his neighbors. We cannot help wondering if, while dolefully ruminating over his lost power and fallen state, Pius IX. ever recalls the brief he so insolently issued a quarter of a century ago, dividing England into one metropolitan and twelve episcopal sees, and granting to his archbishop and bishops "all the rights and privileges which the Catholic archbishops and bishops in other states have and use, according to the common ordinances of the sacred canons and apostolic constitutions," and that, "for the well-being and advancement of Catholicity throughout England." If so, it can scarcely add much comfort to him in his misfortune to reflect that, to a great extent by his own acts, he drew down upon his own head the storm which has resulted in the loss of his crown and dignity, that he owes it to having followed the advice of his scheming counsellors and the dictations of his own natural pride and arrogance, which led him without reason or provocation to molest the Protestant people of England, and by so doing made them the firmest friends and strongest supporters of Count Cavour, and those who wished the union of all Italy and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Church.

The suppression of the convents was followed in the same year by the convention in which Sardinia joined England and France and engaged to furnish fifteen thousand men against Russia. Ten thousand were actually despatched under La Marmora and did good service during the Crimean War. Europe

was astonished and somewhat amused when so small a State, at such expense to itself, joined in so vast an undertaking; but before long, statesmen began to see that no wiser course could have been suggested—no more skilful plan adopted. So bold a scheme was not, of course, to be carried without difficulty, and all the more so that the true object Cavour had in view could not be openly declared. It took a whole week of most animated discussion before the House of Representatives would sanction the convention, involving such expense to the nation. However, Cavour, backed by the favor of the people, who thoroughly believed in his honesty and ability, and strongly supported by the King, to whom he had doubtless made known his ulterior views, carried the day. From that day Sardinia became the recognized ally of England and France, and Austria for the first time began to understand that from a weak province it might one day develop into a powerful antagonist. The popularity of Victor Emmanuel throughout Italy was growing apace, and the ability and firmness which directed the policy of the country was beginning to be recognized. In Count Cavour the Austrians well knew they could never expect to find anything but a determined and implacable enemy, so long as Austrian dominion was felt in Italy. From childhood he had been taught to look upon them as tyrants and aliens, whom it was necessary to drive from the soil, not only because their rule was in itself bad and despotic, but because their very presence was a national humiliation and disgrace. In 1848 he had been among the first to advocate strongly a war with Austria, and after the defeat of Custozza, had hastened to enroll himself as a soldier, though the armistice of Milan prevented him from ever actually serving, and one of the causes he assigned for his anxiety to join England and France against Russia, was to give the Sardinian troops "an opportunity of wiping out the defeat of Novara." The love of country was very strong in Cavour. Later on, when, after the annexation of Tuscany, it became necessary to cede Nice and Savoy, or forfeit the good-will of France, and probably ruin the cause of Italy, he is said to have exclaimed, after signing the treaty which he knew would bring down so much odium upon his head, and in all probability ruin his career and blast his reputation: "*Perish my name, perish my fame, only let Italy live.*" In truth it were difficult to find a truer patriot than Cavour, and none are more willing to admit it now than some of those who, with Garibaldi, inveighed against him so bitterly at the time. The devotion of the hero of Caprera himself to his country was not more strong, while his services, great as they undoubtedly are, must be admitted to be but very small compared with those of Cavour, to whose genius the nation may be said to owe its very existence.

After the conclusion of the Crimean war in 1856, it became necessary to call a conference to decide what should be done with the Danubian principalities, Wallachia and Moldavia. The conference, held in Paris in 1857-8, was attended by all the principal powers,—among others, by Sardinia, represented by Cavour, as plenipotentiary. It was affording him the opportunity he so long had sought for, and by his skill and dexterity the Italian question, much to the annoyance of the Austrian envoys, was introduced, and the grievances of the Italians discussed. Sardinia's day had come; the blood and money freely spent in the Crimea had purchased her what Cavour had so ardently sought for, an opportunity of pleading her cause before the tribunal of European public opinion. The Austrian envoys, it is probable, had feared some attempt of the kind—though how powerful the appeal would be, and how bitter the accusation, they knew

not, nor could they foretell—and had sought to relegate Sardinia to a secondary place in the conference. Their efforts, as may be easily imagined, proved useless; the ally and co-associate of England and France on the hard-fought fields of the Crimea took rank side by side with them on an equal footing in the deliberations of the great powers. The vehement accusations of Cavour against Austria, the representations of her cruelty and oppression, the illegality of her occupation of Venice, and virtual control of the Adriatic, her bands of spies, her overflowing gaols and endless proscription lists were held forth before the face of Europe, her duplicity and tyranny unveiled, and a denial of the allegations challenged. The Austrians were nonplussed, but only for a moment; remembering that they were dealing with so small a State, they soon became defiant, insolent and overbearing in their manner, as to her they in the past always had been. Then, for the first time, was the bandage completely removed from their eyes, and the significant words of Lord Clarendon taught Austria that Sardinia, backed by England, could no longer be bullied with the impunity of days gone by.

"If your intention," he exclaimed, with great vehemence and warmth, "is really to make no promises, to give no pledges, to enter into no engagements with regard to Italy, it will be to throw down the gauntlet to liberal Europe, that, at no distant day, may take it up. This question will then be decided by the most energetic and vigorous measures. It is a great mistake to suppose our forces are exhausted."

On his return to Turin, Cavour was received with the greatest marks of consideration. Addresses poured in upon him from all sides; busts, statues, medals, were erected and struck at public expense to commemorate the event, and well might the Italians rejoice to show him honor. That conference had settled the future of the Italian nation, and its happy result was due to the skill, forethought, determination and ability of one man, of Camillo Cavour. Events now press upon each other with astonishing rapidity. The Paris conference ended in August, 1858. The relations of Austria and Sardinia had for some time been anything but amicable, and the former began to prepare for war. Deeming her preparations sufficiently advanced, on the 23rd April, 1859, Austria demanded the disarmament of Sardinia and the dismissal of the volunteers from other states within three days. At the expiry of the three days, the demand was formally refused and war declared. France joined Sardinia on the 12th May, and on the 20th the allies were victorious at Montebello; Palestro, Magenta, Maleguano and Solferino followed, and in a little more than one month, completely humbled and beaten, Austria was forced to sue for peace. The peace of Villa-Franca, though it added Lombardy to Sardinia, was a sore blow to the hopes of Count Cavour. Six months after, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna joined Sardinia, and acknowledged allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. In October, 1860, Naples and Sicily, conquered by Garabaldi, were also joined to the Sardinian crown, and on the 18th February, 1861, the first Italian parliamant was convoked, and Victor Emmanuel proclaimed King of Italy, and Italy formally recognized by Great Britain the following month.

Thus was accomplished the vast undertaking Cavour set before himself when first he entered public life, in so far as he was permitted to see it fulfilled; its final completion with the annexation of Venetia, in 1866, and of the papal territories, with the triumphant entry of the King in Rome, in 1870, he did not live to witness. He had been called long before, to rest, wearied and worn out by the exertions, anxieties and responsibilities which had for ten years been weighing upon him. It was said

at the time, that the struggle which cost him his life was the effort, in which he proved successful, to prevent further dismemberment by France of Italian territory after the cession of Nice and Savoy. Napoleon had been the first to encourage the national designs of the Sardinian Court. It has always been understood, that at the memorable meeting at Plombières, in which the Austrian campaign was decided upon, and at which it was resolved that in return for Nice and Savoy, France would assist Sardinia to reach the Adriatic, Napoleon had considered it to be tacitly understood that these limits would not be exceeded; he did not then foresee the almost incredible discomfiture of Bomba and the annexation of Naples and Sicily. When, however, these vast results, due to the courage and popularity of Garibaldi, helped by the cowardice and misrule of Francis II, had been obtained, and that Victor Emmanuel found himself in consequence the really formidable monarch he has since continued to be, the Emperor took alarm and sought to weaken his power by obtaining still further cessions of territory. The loss of Nice and Savoy, however, though in itself of no great importance, had in its consequences proved too painful to Cavour. He had, goaded almost to madness by the reproaches heaped upon him, declared in the Italian chambers: "I swear that not another inch of Italian ground shall be ceded;" and by that declaration, let the consequences be what they might, he was resolved to stand. Napoleon found himself forced to yield for the moment, but he soon sought other means of attaining his ends. It will be remembered that very shortly after Cavour's death, Lord John Russell stated in the House of Lords, that he had received a communication from the French ambassador to the effect that a proposal had been made to the French Government by the Austrian and Spanish ambassadors in Paris, in general terms, that the Roman Catholic powers should act in concert in protecting the temporal power of the Pope, and that the general proposal had been answered in the negative. This announcement was received with cheers. It was only afterwards that it became known that the proposal had in truth originated with France, but in terms which the other powers would not accede to, France reserving to herself full power to solve the Roman question at some future period. The proposal refused was the amendment of the other powers, depriving France of such unconditional authority to come. The notification of the first despatch of the French Government to the Count of Turin occasioned the great agitation which brought upon Cavour the fatal stroke of apoplexy. For years a struggle had been going on between the Italian statesman and the French Emperor. Napoleon won the first game by the peace of Villa-Franca; Cavour carried the next by the unexpected acquisition of Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the Romagna. The cession of Nice and Savoy had been stipulated in return for the humiliation of Austria and the acquisition of Lombardy. The annexation of Naples and Sicily, though obtained not without duplicity and somewhat machiavelian dealing, was a great triumph for the Italian. The next move of the Frenchman resulted unexpectedly in the death of his antagonist. Head against head, and will against will, Cavour was quite a match for Napoleon. But it was an unfair struggle, when, with Italy still only a sapling, he had to strive with Napoleon and an army of 600,000 men. The very death of Cavour, however, proved of value to his country, and told against the Emperor of the French. In order to avert the odium of the Italians, now led by the implacable Garabaldi and his party, he, for the moment, became as friendly as he previously had been hostile; and, immediately upon the

death of Cavour, His Imperial Majesty announced his readiness to recognize the Kingdom of Italy, which recognition was accomplished before the great Italian statesman had been a fortnight dead.

Cavour was struck down in the hour of victory, on the eve of the day appointed by the Government as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving for the achievement of Italian unity. He lingered about six days, but there was little or no hope from the commencement. He had come home weary and excited from a long and stormy discussion in parliament. After dining as usual with his brother and nephew, he was seized with violent spasms, and shortly after began to sink. Through the violent paroxysms of delirium with which the disease was accompanied, his mind still unceasingly reverted to business, and kept anxious watch and jealous guard over the interests and welfare of Italy, issuing orders, preparing measures, conducting debates and dictating despatches. With the return of reason, the same passionate love of his country, ruling strongly even at the hour of death, kept control of head and heart. "Cure me promptly," he said to his physician; "I have Italy on my shoulders, and time is precious." To the King, who stood by his bedside, and with tears in his eyes was pressing the hand of his dying minister, knowing well that skill could avail not, and the knell had rung, he exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have many things to communicate to you, many papers to show you, but now I am too ill." Then came the end, the final and friendly farewell to his friends and domestics, and he knew himself that the race was run. However, as his confessor approached to administer to him the sacrament of extreme unction, he seemed to rouse himself a little, and taking the prelate by the hand said to him significantly: "*Libera chiesa in libero stato.*" —"A free church in a free state." Such were the last words of Count Cavour.

Cavour is described as being of "medium stature with a tendency to corpulency; quick and energetic in his movements; with a forehead broad, high, and spacious; his eyes partially closed by weakness, and still further concealed by spectacles; his mouth not well-formed and somewhat voluptuous, over which played an ironical smile, the joint off-spring of mirth and disdain. Nevertheless the *tout ensemble* of his countenance was expressive of benignity. Simple in his manners, though dignified in his bearing, he would have been recognized anywhere as a sub-Alpine country gentleman, familiar with the usages of the court. Though of an irascible, phosphoric temperament, he rarely or never lost his self-control. Generous in his enmities and liberal in his friendships, he was chary of his confidence and exclusive in his intimacies." He was a master of the art of debate, and though his manner and voice were both against him, the one formal and by no means elegant, the other harsh, unpleasant, hesitating and constantly interrupted by a short, dry, nervous cough, no man was more attentively listened to in the Chambers, and no address carried with it greater weight. In truth, Cavour attached but little importance to the flowers of rhetoric and the arts of oratory; his object was to convince not to amuse, to carry assent not to afford gratification. His arguments were powerful, well-chosen and very skilfully marshalled, addressed to the reason rather than to the feelings; and above all, was he distinguished by the immense fund of information and conscientious labor he brought to bear upon every question which presented itself for discussion. It was noticed that, like Lord Palmerston, he generally closed a debate, and not a few of the members are said to have waited until he spoke to make up their minds, convinced that the whole subject under consideration would be by him thoroughly gone into, and the arguments for

and against fairly and strongly stated. He very seldom allowed himself to be carried away by his feelings, except sometimes by a well-directed taunt or violent accusation, and then his eloquence is said to have been fiery and impassioned, his delivery powerful and grand, his sarcasm bitter, and his denunciation irresistible and crushing. But his temper, if easily ruffled, as easily subsided, and his wrath was never of long duration, nor visited upon his enemies with oppression or cruelty, though the means of so doing, had he felt inclined to use them, were always within his hands. In truth, he was an amiable man in disposition, kindly, pleasant and forgiving; a statesman of vast ability, never-flagging industry, and extraordinary good fortune and success; a patriot devoted to his country and his king, whose sole desire was the advancement of the interests of his native land, and who did not hesitate to sacrifice to the attainment of that object, his rest, happiness, fortune, and finally his life. It is true he was not spared to see the final and completely successful fulfilment of the undertaking for which he so arduously struggled, but the result is none the less due to his wisdom and foresight. That he looked forward longingly to the establishing of the King at Rome, is clear from a conversation related by his private secretary, an extract from which may not improperly conclude this brief sketch: "Can you imagine," Cavour exclaimed, "Italy without Rome, or assign to Rome any other position than that of the capital of Italy? Do you not see that the moment has arrived for solving the question of the temporal power, which has been in all time the greatest obstacle to the realization of Italian nationality; and that the only mode of solving that question is to reassure the Catholic world as to the position which will be assigned to the papacy by regenerated Italy? . . You say that the papacy will never abdicate. I do not demand an explicit abdication; I am content with a tacit renunciation. . . . When Europe is persuaded that we do not wish to inflict injury upon Catholicism, it will find it both natural and convenient that the Italian tricolor shall wave over Rome instead of a foreign flag. The undertaking is not an easy one, but it is so much the more worthy of being accomplished. It is not in vain that Italy has waited so long in order to regain her unity and independence. The reconstruction of our nationality ought not to be barren in its results for the rest of the world. It belongs to us to put an end to the grand conflict between civilization and the Church—between liberty and authority. Whatever you may say, I cherish the hope of being able to induce the more sincere Catholics and intelligent priests to agree with me. And who knows whether I may not be able, from the heights of the capitol, to sign a new religious peace—a treaty which will be productive of grander results upon the future destinies of human society than the peace of Westphalia?"

THE STORY OF RUTH.

BY FESTINA LENTE, AUTHOR OF "HIC JACET," "MAY DAY," "VILLAGE SKETCHES," ETC.

"I suffer, I work.

"What of that? Suffering is my inheritance, work the condition in which I can gain most satisfaction. But I do not like either condition. I want to be happy, happy, happy, I hunger for happiness. I starve. And who am I?

"Human! Is that my fault. Human, did I desire it?"

The world called him rough—impassive; admired his broad acres and his maple groves, loved his money, and his homestead, would have married their daughters to him without remorse, though women were afraid of such an one.

He was faulty in manner; that was to be regretted. His heavy countenance wore more frowns than smiles; his speech was rough—irritating in its directness. He was reticent,—would court a silence which became painful to those enduring it.

His old Aunt Janet kept house for him, a babbling old woman, who loved to talk by the hour. Eli was never rough to her.

There was an old pony in the paddock, that was cared for tenderly. Men wondered why? It was a poor animal even in its best days. Eli's mother had ridden it once—far back in his memory that bright day shone. And he had adored his mother.

The world said that Eli had shown no tender feeling even when his mother died and he was but a lad. He had then a hard nature. There is usually a measure of truth in what the world says.

His laborers never complained that he was hard or stingy. Loafers were apt to abuse him and his ways. That was not surprising, since to such he gave the offer of five cents, or work, and the promise that a repeated visit would produce unpleasant consequences, such as the watch dog let loose upon them, or a ducking in the pond. His premises were kept wonderfully clear of troublesome visitors. Wherever his hand reigned supreme, chaos gave place to order; out of doors he made all as he willed; indoors he gave no thought to anything,—that was Aunt Janet's business. Alas! Aunt Janet was getting old. Eli did not see it. Sukey, the help, was well aware of the fact, and profited by it. She did as little work as she conveniently could, and found that a few idle hours were really charming.

"Oh! I only mentioned it," quavered Aunt Janet. "Please, Eli, do not mind what I said."

As she spoke, the old lady bent her head to hide her face, and bit her lips, which quivered beyond control.

A long silence ensued. Aunt Janet peeped from behind her cover to see the expression of Eli's eyes.

"I won't have girls about my place," said he angrily, as he caught her timid glance. "They are all alike. She would like to come and visit you for a while, and help you through the summer season! No doubt she would, oh yes!"

"It does not matter," feebly came from Aunt Janet. "Of course I can do the work. Don't say another word about Ruth,—I only mentioned it."

She would have put the word "against" in place of "about" had she dared. Eli understood her. He got up; his bronzed face wore a wrathful expression. Aunt Janet always quailed before him when he was in this mood, yet always was unfortunate enough to say something calculated to increase his anger or bring to mind some greater

reason for it. Now as soon as Eli had reached the door, and had given one glance at her which was intended to put an end at once and forever to such a subject for conversation as the present, she gave him a little deprecatory look, and said apologetically, "Ruth is not like Susan or Jennie, Eli?"

Then came the explosion. Heaven knows the train of events called forth by those names.

"*Mrs. Janet Parker!* I will not be married by any young woman, Ruth, Susan, or Jennie or—"

Expression failed him; he glared angrily at Aunt Janet, stood for a moment to see if she dared reply; finding she did not, strode off to his work.

Eli had some foundation for his dislike to "girls," since so many had clearly shown him their design to capture him. No matter how rough his behavior, how cutting his remarks, how disagreeable his conduct, his broad acres excused him for anything. It cannot be disguised that Aunt Janet was a matchmaker, and had invited all the pretty, plain, and poor girls she knew, to stay with her, hoping that Eli might offer his home to one of them. She had recently discontinued the habit, under protest from Eli.

It was enough for Eli that Ruth had written to offer to stay at the farm: such an offer condemned her, to his mind, and he had indignantly refused to read the letter. Recollections crowded upon him, of girls saucy, pretty, merry, fashionable! He would keep the farm free from such inroads.

Aunt Janet, much relieved at Eli's quick departure, called Sukey in a shrill voice, to clear away the breakfast things; then took up her knitting and went to bask in the sunlit porch. But the knitting was neglected as Aunt Janet slowly pulled forth a letter (from an under pocket of enormous dimensions), and read it over and over again, as if she loved every word in it.

Such a simple letter!

"DEAR AUNT JANET,—We are very poor at home now, and mother and the girls can easily do the dairy work without me. I have made up my mind to be supporting myself. I think I could be a very good housekeeper, for I am fond of it. I should so like to come and visit you for awhile and help you through the summer season. Then I should have more experience to go among strangers. Uncle Peter wants me to teach school, but I don't know anything. Mother cries about my leaving home, but work is no hardship to me, and especially if it lightens the burden at home. Besides that, I long to see you again, dear godmother; there are not many in the world as fond of me as you are, and I love you ever.

"RUTH."

"And Eli won't hear of it," whimpered the old Aunt, and a tear trickled down her cheek. She wiped it away, but uselessly. "I have no one to love me," she went on.

"Sukey, you lazy girl, the hens are in the kitchen." Stirred into momentary energy, Aunt Janet tottered into the kitchen. Hens were her especial abomination; her rheumatic limbs refused to chase them; her feeble voice was useless to drive them from her sanctuary. Sukey lazily flapping her duster at them, cleared the kitchen. Aunt Janet returned to the porch, relapsed into mournings over Ruth's letter, and ere long fell asleep.

Eli came home to dinner, found Aunt Janet sleeping, hens cawing about the kitchen, and Sukey invisible. He took up the open letter which had fluttered to the ground and carefully read it through. He smiled grimly at the ignorant writing and imperfect spelling and composition, but something earnest and true in it, struck him as rather pleasant. He began to read it again; he was a slow man, and had not quite understood all Ruth meant. Aunt Janet awoke. The poor old lady was some

little time in collecting her senses, and in trying to remember what o'clock it was; then seeing Eli home for dinner, was greatly frightened. She bustled back and forth, trying with Sukey's assistance to produce a dinner. Eli meanwhile strode restlessly about the house; "she is getting past her work," he said wrathfully, looking on the dirt and disorder reigning everywhere, in the once model farm-house.

"Dinner is ready," called Aunt Janet.

He went downstairs, and ate heartily of the ill-cooked viands. Presently he said:

"You had better tell that girl to come."

"Your own cousin," murmured Aunt Janet, too low, happily, for Eli to hear.

"If she comes she will have to work, mind," Eli continued in a stern tone, for his thoughts were with those young ladies who had never been tired of pic-nics, hay-cart parties and the like. Such things did not suit him. Ruth must understand she was not permitted to come for such pleasures.

He rose and went slowly away, not quite certain as to whether he had done well in giving the girl permission to come.

And Aunt Janet wrote to Ruth.

"DEAR CHILD,—Come. Don't mind Cousin Eli—if he is a bit rough, he has a good heart. My hands are so stiff I cannot write more, dear Ruth.

"Your loving,

"AUNT JANET."

Ruth came.

Eli returned from work just about sunset. The red-tiled house glowed with deep red light. Eli stood for an instant at the garden gate, looking up the winding walk. It had rained, an April shower, and the trees were shaking down a profusion of gloriously colored drops, amber, green, and crimson, in the sunset gleams. As Eli stood leaning on the gate, a little creature ran down the path, catching the rain-drops on her hair, red brown and golden, and shaking them away with a delighted laugh.

Eli stared absently at her. He had never seen anything so pretty before. He was shy, and too slow a man to show his best side on the spur of the moment.

"How do you do, Cousin Eli?" the girl began, in a friendly manner, putting out both hands in expectation of a hearty shake.

"So you are Ruth," he said grimly, and he put out his hand and took both hers, and looked in her face as much in awe and surprise as grimness. Ruth was not of quick perceptions; she only saw what was most evident to the eye—and she trembled as Eli spoke to her. The more Eli looked at her, the more he felt such a bright little spirit would fade and droop in his dull home. "You had better go back where you came from," he said gruffly, "it is *work*, not pleasure, in *this* house, I can tell you."

"*I* can work, cousin Eli," rejoined Ruth, with a sad expression in her face. She turned away and ran quickly back into the house. Eli went slowly into the stables. He was a long time before he came into the house. Sukey had to call him three times before he was ready for his supper. When he went in, he hardly knew the room; the table was prettily decorated with spring flowers; lettuces and radishes were daintily prepared for use. Aunt Janet, no longer depressed and timid, sat smiling with happiness.

"Ruth has done it all," nodded Aunt Janet, "and saved my old bones. Ah! so much she has saved me; and she is tired and gone to bed;" thus she talked on garrulously. Eli snapped up the lettuces with vicious bites; and his supper finished, went out again. He had never felt so uncomfortable for years.

What a sad and strange experience the life was at the farmhouse, to Ruth, who had come from a loving home circle! Strange to meet Eli day after

day, and feel that he regarded her with suspicion and dislike. Could he feel otherwise, when he watched her every movement with such grave eyes, and always was so stern and silent to her? The silence during meals was so hard to Ruth to bear, that she could not eat; she felt inclined to scream out, to do something desperate. Ah! how hard it was to work on and never see or speak to any bright creatures of her own age. Aunt Janet grew more feeble and dependent every day; she whimpered and was miserable if Ruth were long out of her sight. How different it would have been if only Cousin Eli had been kinder! Sometimes when she longed for home and youth and merriment, tears would fill her eyes, and she would retire to have a hearty cry.

Aunt Janet's dim eyes never saw that Ruth drooped; Eli saw it, and was at a loss how to prevent it.

There was not much that Ruth *did* or *was* that Eli did not see. He came and went with anything but his ordinary precision. Sukey laughed and said aloud "the master was in love." Ruth shivered and vaguely wondered with a pitying thought, who could be the object of Cousin Eli's affection.

There was a great deal of work to be done about the house, and Ruth conscientiously fulfilled her duties. She arose early, and made the lazy Sukey bestir herself. Eli frequently stood in silence watching Ruth's busy movements in the dairy. Ruth, too busy to notice him, or too preoccupied, would work on. Sometimes the rising sun would shine on her bent head, and make her hair a mass of ruddy gold. One day she tried to lift a weight too heavy for her. Eli raised it for her. It was the first act of kindness he had shown her, and she turned round on him with a grateful "Thank you, Cousin Eli."

"You must not overstrain yourself," said Eli. His voice was husky. Ruth thought it gruff and stern.

"I'll try not," she said meekly; he turned away silently and went out.

He was home early that day. He told Aunt Janet the hay was ready to load, and that she had better come down and see it. As he spoke he looked at Ruth, too shy to say to her he wanted her to come. Ruth, as usual, as far from Eli as she could get, at the same table, hearing no invitation in his voice, did not look to see it in his face.

"I'll come, Eli," said Aunt Janet, nodding her head. Eli drew near to Ruth.

"Is your work done?" he said. He meant to be kind,—he was trying to break down the barrier which kept Ruth so far from him. How should she know this? To her his question was offensive, his voice as rough and unkind as ever.

"I have never finished," she said sadly. She looked up at him timidly with a quiver in her lips. He coughed in an uneasy manner.

"The work *must* be done," he said, in an apologetic voice.

She thought it hard and unfeeling; she went out into the kitchen. Piles of clean clothes were waiting to be folded; she put her head down in their midst and had a good cry. Never had she felt so strong a longing for a day of rest, a roll and toss up of the hay, a dance with merry girls, a long, listless hour in the yellow sunlight.

The afternoon passed on, the sunny hours dragged away. Aunt Janet was driven home from the fields, and the postman came bringing a letter for Ruth.

Eli's heart leaped for joy, as Ruth once more ran quickly down the path to meet him. He held out his hands to her, and a tender light beamed in his eyes. Ruth was too preoccupied to see this. She held out an open letter in her hand, and her face beamed with gladness, yet Eli noted sadly that the face was thin and pale, and that her eyes were red with weeping.

"My brother is back from sea," she said, "and mother wants me home for a few days, and Aunt Janet will spare me if you will."

"I shall be glad," began Eli, he meant to say he understood how sad and dull she had been, and that he was glad she should have a change, but a stronger feeling stopped his words. He could not change his nature suddenly, and nature had not gifted him with a ready tongue. Ruth drew back and shivered.

"You will be glad enough to go," muttered Eli.

"Oh, I shall!" cried Ruth and looked piteously at Eli.

Eli scraped his throat, looked at Ruth and said in a gruff voice:

"Don't trouble yourself to hurry back."

She looked up at him with flashing eyes. She wanted to tell him that but for Aunt Janet she would never come back at all, but Eli hurriedly walked off. Ruth did not see Eli again before she started.

Ah! what the house became without Ruth. Idle Sukey did what work she liked, and soon fell back into her slatternly ways. Aunt Janet dozed and knitted, and grew weaker and feebler in body and mind. Eli bore all discomfort with uncommon placidity.

"It is of no use crying," he said to Aunt Janet one day when no dinner was forthcoming, "Ruth will be back soon." That phrase was always in his mind. A slow man Eli, who, when once he had embraced an idea, held it closely even unto death. He wandered about the house, so vacant without Ruth, wondered at the dim light in the dairy; had he not a picture of it radiant with the brightness of her presence deep down in his heart? How long in the quiet evenings did he now linger at the gate, and lean upon it, and think and think. Maybe Ruth had returned; if so, would she run out to meet him? Ah! if she would! Could he but recall that one moment of his life! Could he but find an opportunity to explain that he had never meant to be hard or unkind! A bright-haired girl running to meet him, laughing and shaking the rain-drops from her hair! Was it a vision? Alas! yes. Two weeks passed by, but Ruth did not return.

A month dragged slowly away, and then a letter came from Ruth. Aunt Janet clung to it with her withered hands, but her eyes were so dim with glad tears she could not read it.

"Give it to me," demanded Eli in a hungry voice. He took it and rapidly read its contents. He did not speak then; the old house seemed very quiet. In the stillness, the kitchen clock loudly vibrated, then struck the hour; it seemed to Eli that it took a year to strike. Then Sukey was heard calling, as she scattered corn seed to the fowls, "Chick, chick!"

"Speak to me, Eli; what does she say?" cried Aunt Janet.

He made an inarticulate sound; the letter fell from his hand; he turned slowly away and went out—out of doors, where the lazy animals basked in the sun, where the birds were singing, and the sun-flower turned its yellow face to the brightness. Eli strode rapidly on. Sukey came running after him. "Master, here is your hat," she said.

Eli worked amongst the men in the field; he told himself that work was the cure he needed; but, in the busiest part of the day, he was sent for to the house. Aunt Janet was taken very ill. Eli sat by her side, waiting for the doctor to come, and feeling a strong desire to say something kind and comforting to her, but he was a man of few words and failed power of expression at this moment.

"It has been too much for you," he said at length.

Her eyes turned to the letter on the bed.

"Read it," she said feebly.

Eli took it reluctantly, and read it aloud as she desired:—

"My Dear Aunt Janet,—This is to thank you for all the kindness you have shown me, and to say I can never come back again. Henry Jones has asked me to be his wife, and we are to be married at once, so I cannot come back to you. I am very sorry for your sake, dear aunt, for I know you like to have me with you. But Henry says you must come and stay with us as long as you can when we are settled down. Please explain to Cousin Eli why I can't come back. I suppose he will be very glad.

"Your loving godchild,
"Ruth."

"She is never coming back," quavered the old aunt,—"never, never."

"You will get strong and go and see her," said Eli.

She looked wistfully at him, and repeated his words after him, "I shall get strong and go and see her. No, Eli, never again, never again."

She was silent then, and Eli seeing the doctor in the garden, went down to meet him.

"A few hours,—her life is not worth more," was the verdict. The doctor went away; he could do naught.

Eli went back to his aunt, and stayed by her side until it was time for his men to be dismissed. He went to the fields then, and returned in about an hour; and went straight to his aunt's room.

She was asleep. The lattice window was wide open; nodding roses bent their heads into the room, as the wind gently swayed them back and forth; and the fragrant petals fell on the polished floor. The sun was setting like a golden ball,—all the room was bright with its glory.

Aunt Janet awoke, and beckoned Eli to her side.

"You have been very good to me," she said. She put her feeble old hands upon his face, and stroked it fondly.

"When I was young," she began, as an old story recurred to her wandering mind—"what was it? I forget,—I am getting old, Eli."

"Ay, surely. Eli laid her tenderly back on the pillow, and closed her eyes and sat beside her, while the bright gleams rested on her face. Then he called the attendants and went away to the fields.

His last near relative was *dead*.

Part Second.

Five years passed away. Eli was a rich man. He bought more land, valuable land, and near to a manufacturing town. He was a clever farmer, and everything throve well under his care.

It was September—a glorious harvest time. Eli strode about his fields, pressing every man he could get into his service, paying freely for extraneous help, eager to harvest his splendid grain. As he entered one field where the reapers were busy cutting down the corn, and where some women helped bind it into sheaves, a man called out,

"There's a woman gleaning over there."

"I'll go and turn her out," said Eli, and he walked rapidly towards her. Eli wondered at her temerity at stopping to glean as he approached, but she worked on busily, picking up the scattered ears; and a little boy ran beside her—a child of some three years of age. They were both dressed very poorly, though with exquisite cleanliness and neatness. The woman was very thin, and ate the grains of ripened corn with apparent eagerness.

"Hollo," cried Eli, as he came near, "What business have you gleaning here, while the men are reaping? Don't you know it is against the rules?"

She had not heard him coming. At his speech she gave a low cry; then dropped the sheaf of wheat, and stood trembling before him.

It was Ruth.

Eli stopped speechless with astonishment.

"I did not know it was your field," said she in a low tone. "I would not have come if I had. I never gleaned before. I did not know it was against the rules. See, I am going now."

She hurriedly took up her boy, and would have rushed away,—anywhere to get away from Eli; but her limbs trembled, the boy was strong and struggled out of her arms, and she fell on her knees with her eyes starting with fear, and full of tears that dimmed her sight.

Eli stood breathing hard, his heart beating wildly. He cursed his own slowness of thought and speech, and the shyness that kept him from saying what he wished, to relieve Ruth's fear. The boy came to his relief. He ran up to him, and clamored for a ride. Ruth in vain called to him, and Eli, taking the boy in his arms, sat down on a bundle of coats the reapers had laid aside. He pulled an apple from his pocket, and the boy clutched it and ate it as only one half famished can do. And Ruth rose and brushed away her tears and came near, half afraid of Eli, half jealous of the boy's clinging to him and refusal to come back to her side. Finally she sat down too. Eli looked only on the boy.

"His hair is like yours," he said presently, turning to Ruth.

"Yes," said Ruth, tremulously. Then she added, "His father died when *he* was a baby."

There was a long silence, so long that the boy leaned his head on Eli's shoulder and fell asleep. Eli did not know how the time sped—he was wondering, dreaming.

"We must go home," said Ruth timidly.

"Home! Where do you live, then?"

"With my husband's mother. She is very good to us; she gave us a home when we were friendless."

"And you have been ill," said Eli gently.

"Yes," said Ruth, the tears filling her eyes, "I was ill all the spring time, but I am well now, and able to work. Oh! so able to work. I feel I can do anything."

Eli slowly turned and looked into her face; only its expression, and the ruddy glow of her hair in the sunlight, told him it was Ruth, so wasted and worn had she become. And she, did she know Eli? Had she ever known him look so gentle and so kind before?

"You think me changed," said Ruth; I have had a great deal of trouble since I left your house."

"You should have staid with us always," he said gently, "we should have learnt how to show you that we loved you in time."

Ruth was going to say, "I thought you would be glad," but when she saw how Eli was looking at her, she did not dare. She rose, and said Grannie would be wondering where she was, and wanted to take her boy from Eli.

"I'll carry him home," said Eli, shyly, then seeing that Ruth set off without the sheaf of wheat she had picked up, he lifted that too, and carried it on the other arm.

The home where Ruth dwelt was very poor, and yet was beautifully clean and neat. Grannie was sitting at the window, watching eagerly for Ruth to come.

"You are late," she said, with some anxiety in her voice.

As Ruth answered, she invited Eli indoors, and told him she had often heard Ruth speak of him. The garrulous old lady forgot in what way, or of what occurrences, and turned to Ruth to supply the deficiencies in her recital. Ruth colored and was much confused, but Eli came quietly to her aid.

"I am sure it is not worth repeating," he said gently. Then as he rose to go away, he added, "May I come and see you again?"

Grannie was charmed with his manners, and would not allow Eli to go, until she had made him well acquainted with all their little history. Ruth began some coarse stitching, and as she worked, tried in vain to stem the tide of Grannie's discourse.

"He was a bad son, husband and father," said Grannie, raising her voice, and growing angry as she mentioned the son who had ruined her, and left her poor in her old age.

"Oh! grannie, don't!" said Ruth; then, unable to bear more, she got up and went out.

Eli followed as soon as he could; Ruth was standing by the gate. "Don't mind all Grannie says," she said coloring; "she always will talk."

"She reminds me of Aunt Janet," said Eli.

There is not much more to tell. Eli was a slow man in all his thoughts, and actions. He had thought about Ruth for years; he had now only to act. That was much to him. Autumn passed away, winter came, bringing privations to Ruth's home. Finally spring arrived—Eli had sent bountiful presents to the cottage every week. Grannie did not like to receive them, Ruth utterly rebelled; yet neither dared speak to him on the subject. Grannie at length promised she would do so, but when the time came, skipped away, and left Ruth to do it herself.

"Cousin Eli," said Ruth, "you must not send us—"

Eli got up and walked straight out of the house; then he came more seldom, but his presents were more bountiful than ever.

Poor old Grannie fell sick. Eli brought a doctor to see her. Rest of mind and strengthening food were ordered for her.

"Rest of mind, when that child is working herself to death!" muttered Grannie.

Eli sought Ruth. The moment had come, and the words were ready on his lips. "Ruth, will you be my wife?"

She did not answer, and after waiting to see her face lifted towards him in vain, he said gently, "I will not hurry you; I will come again to-morrow."

Old Grannie's sharp ears had heard. "Does he want to marry you?" asked she, when Ruth answered her call. "Ruth, we are very poor."

That had no influence over Ruth.

Eli came timidly the next day. Ruth could never know, never quite understand to the full, what that waiting for an answer had been to him. He stood by the gate, not daring to enter—preforce Ruth must go out and let him in. Into paradise he thought, as he looked into her blushing face. "Oh, Ruth! My love!" he said, and the world was very bright to him just then.

TROIS PISTOLES.

A SUMMER VISIT.

The long vacation had commenced, and law was at a discount. Oppressed by the intense heat in Quebec, I decided to accept an invitation to spend a few days with a friend on the Lower St. Lawrence, and taking the train, I soon found myself at my destination.

Seventeen miles below Cacouna is the village of Trois Pistoles, through which runs the Intercolonial Railroad, and nearly opposite whose church is the very handsome railway station. My friend Williams was there to receive me, and in a few minutes we reached his temporary residence, which was situated on the top of a hill, from which there was a magnificent view, not only of the village, but of the broad river. Many vessels were passing up and down, among which was the English steamer, upon whose deck I could see the crowd of passengers looking upon the new land to which they had come.

Not far distant, about three miles from the shore, was a beautiful island, fringed with verdure to the very beach, which seemed a perfect paradise for those who delight in pic-nics. But my friend must not be kept waiting while I look upon the village and surroundings, for he wishes to know the last news of the city,—not that detailed in the newspapers, for they arrive as regularly as in more civilized localities, but the little *on dits* which are whispered in clubs, and about street corners, and in morning parlors. I have never yet arrived in a watering place but I found that those who were so anxious to leave the city were the most eager after the city's news. So I found my friend Williams, for the scenery of the place had palled on him; he had had his bath, he had walked along the beach, and he had heard all that was said in the village.

But what could I tell of a city of the dead—a city burnt up by the sun's rays—of a city, as it were, of the Arabian Nights, turned to stone and left lifeless? Glad was I to sit down to a late supper of tea and toast, some excellent smelt, fresh eggs, and luscious white strawberries with rich cream; glad was I to sit on the verandah of his house and listlessly watch the clouds floating up northwards, to the far distant Laurentian range of hills on the other side of the broad river. I felt a sort of *abandon* which is an absolute necessity for those desirous of real pleasure—an *abandon* caused by absence of all worldly care and worldly miseries, and a consciousness that on the morrow the same absence of worldly care and worldly miseries would be my lot, and that I could take my fill of the enjoyment of the resources offered by the village of Trois Pistoles and its neighborhood. In furtherance of this latter, I agreed with my friend Williams for an early dip, a fresh, cool, and life-giving bathe in the St. Lawrence, flowing but a few acres distance from his house.

One rises early in a strange house, and it was hardly five o'clock when I awoke, surprised not to hear the rumbling of carts and 'buses over stone-paved streets, and to find the branches of trees brushing against my chamber window, and the songs of birds heralding the rising sun. Through the fields, still wet with dew, we strolled down towards the beach. Not one besides

ourselves was there, no bathing machines spoke of modern life, but all was wild and luxuriant nature. From a rock, from which we started seabirds innumerable, we plunged into the waters and revelled in its coolness till prudence called us forth. Coming from that bath, we felt as if renewed from a long life of uselessness, as if we were ready and able to combat a world of difficulties; and thus it was every morning,—the morning's sun saw us emerge from the waters strengthened for labor, of which there was none but the sense of enjoyment. Not far from where we bathed, a point jutted out into the river, and on its summit was a ruin, as it were, of an old castle; but I was soon undeceived by Williams, who told me that it was the ruins of a former church which had been suffered to fall into decay through religious faction. Even in this almost Acadian village, the quarrels of churchmen had intruded, and one party seceded from the then church, and established one more inland, which gradually attracted to it all the "upper ten;" so that the old-fashioned church, looking out on the expanse of waters, was deserted and became the ruin which it now is. We went over to examine the deserted edifice, and it seemed almost ancient; inside and out grew the wild herbage of the country, and even a sort of vine made an attempt to crawl up its mouldering walls. From its site, a beautiful bay stretched beneath us, round which the bright sands seemed a circle of gold. On its bosom were the fishing boats of the inhabitants, and further out two schooners lay at anchor. Isle-aux-Basque seemed nearer at hand than seen from the house, and in the early morning, when there was not a breath of wind and the waters were almost as placid as a lake, reminded one of those islands among the thousands which grace the St. Lawrence where it issues from Lake Ontario. During the day Williams, with his wife and children and myself, again visited the deserted church and strolled about the promontory on which it stood; not fearing, as in the city, the dreaded rays of the sun, but quietly and pleasurably taking in the whole beauty of the scene.

There are certainly times at these watering places in which one accustomed to busy city life, must be afflicted by *ennui*, but they are rare; and certainly one of these times was not when Williams and I tried our skill as marksmen. There was a rock which at high tide was not covered, and which lay as we measured about one thousand yards from the beach. On the rock, when the tide was high, the seals were accustomed to sun themselves, and, cruel as it may perhaps seem, we as often as possible placed ourselves on the beach and made them targets to our Enfields. For my part, I may say they did not receive much damage, having killed but one during the course of my stay, and that one, I have privately decided, was a fluke; but Williams was rather a crack shot, and the poor seals often fell a victim to his *penchant* for rifle practice. I, last winter, wore some of the results of his gunnery, in the shape of a cap and gauntlets.

How pleasantly the time passed by in these days at Trois Pistoles! Wandering by the receding tide on the sands, where lay myriads of countless seashells of every conceivable hue, where were seaweeds twined in unimaginable turns, where were the beautiful and ever changeable anemone in the shifting sands, where were springing up here and there unaccounted-for mineral springs. There we loitered day by day, my friend, his wife attended by or rather attending to her little flock, and myself, seeking there the most beautiful among the countless shells, and finding seaweeds wherewith to compile chosen albums of specimens, or catching the beautiful anemone before it hid itself beneath the yielding sand. Often at eventide have we found ourselves, when the sun

was sinking behind the Laurentides on the far distant other side of the great St. Lawrence, overtaken by the quick night which falls so quickly upon us in this Canada of ours; but our home was not far distant, and the way was not difficult to find.

About seven miles from Trois Pistoles there is a lake called St. Simon, and having provided myself with all fishing tackle before leaving, I could not, knowing that Lac St. Simon was good for trout, leave without testing my capabilities as a good follower of the gentle Isaak Walton.

We made a family party of it—that is in our trips to Lac St. Simon. Williams and I were obliged to confine ourselves to the arrangements of rods and tackle, while Mrs. Williams undertook the more difficult task of the provender. It was no easy one; for, besides the provision for the grown up people, she had to provide for the wants of the little ones. After innumerable preparations we were, at early morning, prepared for a start. Two buckboards, or as they are called at Trois Pistoles, "*slagues*," were at the door, and on them we placed ourselves and *impedimenta*. To go 2.40 on a planked road is not pleasant driving—the rapidity takes away the enjoyment—and as a contrast, I may state that an excessively slow rate of progression is equally far from pleasant; but, however, we *at last* arrived at our destination, a residence,—well! a house of a *habitant* on the verge of the Lac St. Simon. The condition of the boat was such that Mrs. Williams decided she would rather not trust herself and her progeny in its keeping; so that her better, well no, her sterner half and myself went alone to fight the battle of the fish.

Lac St. Simon is about two miles long and half a mile broad; our chaloupe was a canoe of the most wavery kind, and it took the best endeavors of both myself and Williams to uphold its equilibrium. How often in the excitement of landing four and five pounders, how many times while playing a whopper we almost overbalanced that canoe, I cannot tell, nor do I suppose did we keep account of. How often, when using the landing net, our lives were endangered, I know not; but this I do know, that for many hours we unceasingly and tirelessly whipped the lake, and bore back as trophies to the *habitant's* house more than six dozen speckled beauties, none of which weighed less than one pound, and some of which weighed five. For us the time had passed quickly; but those whom we had left behind had become tired of picking strawberries and eating bread and treacle. I made one vow on leaving, that on the next occasion I visited Trois Pistoles, I would go a fishing at Lac St. Simon. It was not fair to cheat the others of the party out of the fishing, and thus Williams and I decided the next morning. But there is more than trout fishing at Trois Pistoles. Down on a rock on the beach where the tide is high one can cast a line, baited with a piece of almost anything, and at his leisure fish for almost anything he pleases, excepting trout and salmon, although even sea trout are known to have been tempted at this favorite locality. So, to soothe the feelings of madame and the little ones, thither we wandered, and for a full two hours baited their hooks and took off herrings, smelts, tommy cods, flounders and ever so many other kinds of fish, but never a trout and never a salmon.

My holiday was shortly coming to a close, and on the day previous to my departure it happened that a party of the inhabitants were going to have a pic-nic at Isle-aux-Basque. It is three miles long, and a quarter of a mile wide, and about four miles distant from the shore. It is not inhabited, but a few men remain there during the summer to cut wood, and for their convenience, had built themselves a sort of hut, at an end of the island. A few cattle graze on the island. In the

morning two boats started, one filled by those from the village, and the other, a large pilot boat, occupied by Williams, his family, a few friends and myself—a party of ten. The day was glorious; the sun shone down brightly on the dazzling waves, which rose and fell languidly, and the white sails filled voluptuously and speeded on our boat to the beautiful tree-clad island. Roaming along with the merry French-Canadian girls in the fields and woods, we gathered basketsful of what are called in the place *pommes de terres*, a species of cranberry, a very delicious fruit; then we had a sort of lunch *en famille*, and again separated to gather more of the *pommes de terres*, or to act as to us seemed best. To the north of the island was the great St. Lawrence, at this point over thirty miles distant from the opposite shore—so distant that on that day it seemed but a misty outline. But near at hand—for on the northern side of the island the water is deep enough to float many times the largest vessel—we could see vessels passing up and down, and the Allan's steamer "Sarmatian," which came close to shore. The afternoon passed quickly while looking at these passing sights, and watching the play of porpoises in the water, and the sweeping curves of seagulls as they glided over the waves. The breeze from the far distant sea came upon us refreshingly, and the hours passed quickly, as we spoke to one another of what was then and what had been.

The time had come for departure, but before that had come a warning of a change; for the clear, cloudless sky had become dark and forbidding, and the light west wind had turned to a strong easterly blow, and the gentle waves had changed to a stormy sea. We all assembled on the beach where the boats had landed us, and the weather-wise among the boatmen looked doubtfully upon the stormy billows, and then upon the living freight whose charge they had. They at last decided that the boat in which the villagers had crossed was unable to carry them over, and that they must take passage in that of my friend Williams. It was a large number to take the charge of, over twenty-five people; but necessity has no law, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon we started for the mainland. It was a serious undertaking; but the two hardy boatmen were willing to accept the charge, and in the face of a strong gale we commenced to beat back to Trois Pistoles. Tack after tack we made, gaining very little, but nevertheless always a little, till at the end of two hours we were within about six hundred yards of our landing place, when suddenly the gale swept down upon us and the angry waves leaped over us, and our mast fell by the board. At the same time the rain was descending in torrents, while peals of thunder followed in quick succession, and the lightning blinded the sight. Helplessly we drifted backwards from the shore, and those who were then and had been watching our stormy passage, gave us up as lost. The villagers on board were terror-stricken, and screamed and prayed in turns, while those of our party, although extremely frightened, behaved more sedately, Mrs. Williams devoting herself entirely to the protection and comforting of her children, who remained wonderfully quiet and uncomplaining. By the advice of one of the boatmen we placed the broken mast across the gunwale, and but for this precaution the boat would certainly have upset. In an incredibly short space of time the waves rose to an enormous height and in riding over them the boat, at times, was almost perpendicular; it was impossible to use oars, and the wind was our only means of progress. The little we made was sufficient to give a growing power to the rudder, and the elder of the two boatmen took the tiller and used every endeavor to regain the island. Our anxiety to effect this was

intense, for failure in doing so would send us out into the mad and shelterless river. Darkness had fallen on us suddenly, and so impenetrable did it rapidly become that we were unable to see the island except by the vivid flashes of lightning, which while it showed us our direction, paralyzed the women, with fear and showed us momentarily the decreasing chances we had of gaining shore. At this time all had given up hopes of ever reaching the island; we were tossed about by the wild billows, and buried every now and then in deluging waves, while the darkness seemed to grow to an inky blackness. Williams and I had taken off our coats and boots so as to be prepared for any emergency, when a bright flash of lightning showed the lower point of the island some yards distant, and our boat rapidly drifting past it. We knew it was our last chance, and Williams seizing a rope plunged with it into the water, and struck out for the direction of the island. We could see nothing of him, but in a few minutes we found the boat being gradually drawn landward; he had touched bottom and gained the shore, and pulled the boat inwards. Having secured it, the work of disembarkation commenced, which was a long and difficult undertaking, the women and children having to be carried ashore. Stumbling about in the darkness over boulders and pieces of drift timber, the women betook themselves to tears and bemoanings, and a more pitiable set of human beings could hardly be imagined. Williams, in endeavoring to discover the whereabouts of the locality, fell over a sort of mound, from which came an angry voice demanding what he wanted. It was one of the men who lived on the island, and who, to save the three miles walk from the hut, had built a nest, sufficient to cover but himself. In this sort of snail's house he lay covered up, safe from the storm and sheltered from the rain, quietly smoking his abominable tobacco. By much entreaty and payment of a dollar we prevailed on him to assist us in finding our way to the hut at the other end of the island. At first he absolutely refused to do this, stating that it was impossible to find our way through the woods on such a night, and in such darkness; but it was utterly impossible and probable death to many, if our party were to remain where we were; so he very reluctantly undertook the unwelcome task. Peeling the bark from birch trees and placing it in sticks, we were soon provided with torches, and commenced our weary march. Williams, another man and myself carried the three children. What a wretched walk that was! Drenched to the skin, exhausted by the exposure and troubles we had passed through, under momentary fear of accident from fallen branches, and stumbling over stumps and prostrate trees, and countless boulders, we began our journey through the pathless wood. Wearily, wearily, we trudged along, shivering beneath the chilling rain, and blindly feeling our way for hours. To increase our difficulties, our torches were at last extinguished, but this catastrophe fortunately happened in the vicinity of the hut, when the woodman had no difficulty in finding his way. The hut was not a comfortable dwelling, but on that night a palace could not have been more welcome. There was a large log fire on the hearth, and oh! how glad we were to get into range of its heat! Having some tea left of the day's provisions, we were enabled to pass round a hot can of it to each; and although we were without milk or sugar, it was a most welcome beverage. The whole party of over thirty managed to find resting places on the floor, but very little sleep visited any of us, and we all watched eagerly for the morning. The boatmen had brought the boat up during the early dawn, and had begun the manufacture of a temporary mast, when Williams

and I ventured out. The storm had subsided, and the sun shone out bright and clear; but the water was still angry, and the waves rolling high. When the boat was ready to return, another difficulty presented itself, for the beach was level and the boat was too deep to approach the shore, so that a wood-cart and horse had to be impressed into the service of transporting the weary and disconsolate passengers from the land to the boat; and this was not done without accident, for a lady of our party, when stepping from the cart, the horse being restive, fell into the water and narrowly escaped drowning. Fortunately it was not deep, and a complete wetting was the only result. Our arrival at Trois Pistoles was the occasion of a general reception and rejoicing, for no hopes had been entertained of our safety or return.

After a final breakfast at my friend's Williams, I left Trois Pistoles,—not that I had had a surfeit of Ile-aux-Basque,—not that I had had too much boat sailing, but simply, because I had received a letter from some one, "but I'll not tell who."

FOREST FIRES.

"Behold how great a forest is kindled by how small a fire! . . . . And the tongue is a fire. . . . . It is a restless mischief."—JAMES III. 5, 6, 8.

—*Dean Alford's Translation.*

Summer air and summer sunshine,
Gladness filling earth and sky,
Leaf and flower, and joyous carol,
Forming beauteous harmony;
Naught to tell of coming sorrow,
Naught of danger in the breeze,
As the quiet homes lie smiling,
Guarded by the forest trees.

From the shadow of the school-house
Throngs a band of merry boys,
Laugh and shout proclaiming freedom
In their element of noise,—
Freedom from restraint and silence,
From the tiring page and rule,
Seeking fun as each one listeth,
In the glad escape from school.

In a group apart are standing,
Two or three in converse low,
Surely more than "*fun*" is pending,
How much more they little know!
"Let us try if we can scare him,
Oh! to see him in a fright!"
"Hurt him? No! Will you come, Aleck?
We will do it then to-night."

In the quiet of the school-room,
Pacing slow with darkened brow,
Is their teacher; and he wrestles
As with unseen foeman now.
What has bowed so brave a spirit?
What has wrung the anguished prayer,
"Thou who knowest all, deliver!
Thou mine innocence declare!"

'Twas a spark by "restless mischief"
'Mid impulsive natures cast;
Fanned by breath of idle whisper,
'Tis become a flame at last.
Trifling word in thoughtless moment,
But the tale again is told,
Gaining strength at each recital,
Power which cannot be controlled.

"When with public fund intrusted,
That committed to his care,
Was not found"—so said the rumor;
So, to-night, he answers there
To appointed school commission.
True, the gold was not their own,
He among them was a stranger,
And before them stood alone.

"But with such a stigma resting
On his name in such a way,
As a 'Board of Education'
Would it do to let him stay?"

Calm and grave, and not unmindful
Of their office and their right,
Clear is each reply;—then some one
Asks a question, but his sight
Seems transfixed, and lo! the chamber
Lights with flashing, brilliant ray!
See him shrink, and pale, and falter,
Does not this his guilt betray?

* * * * * * *

Summer air has lost its fragrance,
Thickly veiled the summer sky,
And instead of birdlings' carol,
Hissing flame which leaps on high
Tells the tale of stricken homesteads;
Fearful is the summer breeze,
While before the ruthless Fire-King,
Fallen are the forest trees!

For the fire the boys had kindled
"Just to scare him," as they said,
Creeping through the tangled brushwood
As by magic power, had sped;
On by night-wind fanned it rageth,
On till o'er the night wind's breath,
Sounds the cry of those who hasten
From so terrible a death.

Fiercer still the conflict raging,
In the breast of him who lies
Prostrate on a couch of suffering,
While the scorching story flies;
How "his lips refused to answer,"
How he trembled with affright,
How he quailed before his judges,
When the council met that night.

But they knew not that the flashing
Of the "light wood's ruddy glow"
Took him back to night of sorrow,
He had known so long ago;

When by fire his home had perished,
When its cruel breath had slain
All his loved ones; how that anguish
Burned in tortured heart and brain.

Hark! There rises from the ruined,
Devastated scene of woe,
From the spirit worn and weary,
Through the malice of the foe,
That which mounts to Heaven's portal,
Gaining fullest entrance there:
'Tis the voice of supplication,
'Tis the voice of humble prayer.

Oh! the blessed, blessed answer!
Swift descends the summer rain,
"God *hath* power to help" now soareth
Psalm of praise, for cry of pain.
And as cool, refreshing shower
To the thirsty gladness brings,
So hath "news from a far country"
Brought our sufferer precious things.

Evidence indisputable,
Is before accusers laid,
Quenched the fiery breath of slander
Which his ruin had essayed.
As the light, his upright doing
Shines with clearest ray serene,
As the noontide in its brightness,
His just dealing now is seen.

Grant us, Lord, the loving spirit
Which no thought of evil shares;
O'er our lips keep watch, and guard us
From the sin which thus ensnares;
Make us shun the idle story,
Which may harsher deed inspire,
Lest we see "so great a forest,
Kindled by how small a fire."

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

One clear, beautiful night in May, Miss Gamble was going her rounds, when she encountered a white-clad figure in the dark hall.

"Please, Miss Gamble," said a pleading voice.

The teacher held her tiny lamp aloft, and the faint light fell full on Kitten's eager face.

"Kitten, Kitten, child," she cried, "go to your bed at once. You will lose your mark, and catch cold running round in your bare feet."

"Just this once, Miss Gamble; I won't catch cold. I just want to look at the stars with Miranda; she would not without permission."

"Miranda is a good girl, Kitten; it was wrong to tempt her."

"I wanted to so very much," went on Kitten, with a little sob in her voice. "It does not seem so hard about Violet then. Oh, Miss Gamble, won't you? I will wrap a big blanket around me."

The quiver in her darling's voice, the two nut-brown hands that clasped her entreatingly, won on the lonely woman who had neither father, mother, brother, or sister, and into whose affections Kitten had wound herself by her never varying kindness and respectful deference.

"Well, dear, a little while. This is Friday, so you may have half-an-hour's grace; but, remember, little one, I cannot grant this often. Good night, child."

"Good night, Miss Gamble, and heaps of thanks."

The weary teacher bent a moment to feel the clasp of the clinging arms, the warm kisses of the quivering lips, then Kitten stole into Miranda's room.

"I've got permission, Andie. I'll take one of your blankets, and you get on your wrapper, and we will have a good old talk."

Soon the two friends were sitting on the old black box by the window. Kitten nestled her curly, brown head on Miranda's ample shoulder, and began:

"There now, isn't this nice? It's just the night I like; the sky is so blue and clear. There are lots of Violet's 'forget-me-not's' out to-night. You know, Andie, she used to call them 'the forget-me-nots of the angels,' and now she is up there herself."

"Poor little dear, certain she is," said Miranda, softly stroking the tossed head with her large hand; "she is one if there ever was one. Little Vilet, I wonder now what she is doing there?"

"Singing, I suppose," exclaimed Kitten; "that is what they do in heaven. I would get tired of it after a while; wouldn't you, Andie?" But Miranda looked reverentially away to the "infinite meadows," and replied earnestly:

"Kitten, you know I ain't got much larning as yet, but I do know we won't ever get tired there."

"How do you know, Andie?"

"Just this: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.'"

"That was the text you gave this morning, Mandie."

"Yes, that was my text, and I just say to myself, when thoughts come about the footer, Leave all that with your Saviour, Mandie, and don't vex yourself about nothing. He has been so good in this world, He will make the next un straight. Beside, if we had to sing always—and I guess we won't—well, it would be so that singing would be pleasant."

"I wish I was good enough to go there," said Kitten, slowly. "I get so tired, Mandie; a long, long rest would be so good. Now, since Violet has gone, it seems not so far away as it was. Someway, it makes me think tender thoughts of up there to have our Violet there."

"Certainly it does, poor sweet lamb, and she didn't mind going, did she? You know I was home then, to nurse Father when he broke his leg."

"No, Andie, not a bit. She always talked of 'going home.' It was just after bread-and-butter time. She was so well that day, and had got a letter from her mother saying she would sail in a few days. Violet's mother, you know, Mandie, had to go to England about some business; that was how she was left here again. Mrs. Green thought her so much better that there was no danger. When we were going up the stairs that night, Violet and I, we met Miss Gamble near the first landing by the great window. Violet asked permission to speak, and after all the girls had passed up, she said, Oh, Kittie, Kittie, look dear; the sky is full of stars—'peeps into Heaven.'" She stood quiet a minute, then she said in that gentle way of hers:

"'Longfellow calls them 'the forget-me-nots of the angels.' When I go home, Kitten, they will be there to call you, dear—don't forget."

I kissed her and laughed, then cried; I don't know why, Mandie, but it seemed as if my heart got so very heavy, as if something was coming I could not understand."

"Don't forget, Kitten," she said, as I left her at the door. She had her lamp in her hand, and it seemed to me she looked like an angel almost then. Her eyes grew so soft, and her long hair was like a bright veil around her. I ran away—then turned to take one more look; I don't know why, Mandie."

Kitten's voice was hoarse, and the great tears fell silently over her cheeks. "She was watching me still, so I called out, 'Violet, Miss Gamble will be ringing soon.'

"'Yes, I will be asleep; Kitten, good night.'

"So when Miss Gamble came it was later than usual. She went in, and oh, Mandie, she *was* asleep. Not undressed yet, but lying on her bed—fast asleep, Mandie, and she never woke up, you know."

Kitten clung closer to Miranda, and in a passion of tears sobbed out her weary longing for her little friend, gentle, golden-haired Violet Green, who had been found quite dead in her room just four weeks before.

"Don't now, Kitten; don't, dearie. You will be sick. Miss Gamble did tell me once that Vilet suffered dreadful, only she never made no complainings. She is not suffering now, dearie."

"But there are the stars—Violet's stars—always smiling down—smiling, calling me like her own voice, and I cannot ever go, Mandie. I cannot go. Mary Flight said once that I was far, far too wicked and black-hearted ever to go there. I used to think then, Mandie, that if Mary went to heaven, I'd just as soon not go. But now Myrtle and Miss Gamble and you will go there."

"Now, now," said the kind-hearted Miranda, "and Kitten will be there too; far blacker-hearted people than you as has got white."

"I made a bargain with Myrtle never to talk of these things, so she

don't," said Kitten, mournfully; "still it rests one to be with Myrtle; she is so happy."

"A dredful nice spoken girl," said Miranda. "She came in when I was sick last Saturday. Someway after she left I felt as if something was tooken off my mind."

"She is very tender-hearted, Mrs. Mason says. Mandie, tell me how you got fond of good things? I bet sixpence if you had been with Mary Flight you would have got sick of them. And my Aunt Betsy, she is almost worse."

"Mary ain't so bad, Kitten; she only wants to do her dooty by all. Now, I'm different from her. I think as some people do more harm talking than most do keeping still."

"Well, but how *did* you get good, Mandie?"

"Bless you, dearie, I ain't good. I never will be, until I go whar Vilet is."

"Well, but you are pretty sure of going. What makes you sure?"

"I just trust in Him that knows all. I had nothing but my old hard heart, and I let it go. I just felt this way: Mandie, you can't do nothing. Let one as loves you do all."

"I thought that you had to feel awfuly sorry, Andie, and cry and go on," said Kitten drearily.

"The minister's wife said to me once, 'Don't wait for feeling, Mandie; just give up your heart, and believe that it was for you He died. You see, Kitten, it's so simple, and you want to make it hard."

"I must go now," said Kitten, shivering as she spoke. "Myrtle will be asleep long ago; she had a headache and went to bed early. Thank you, Andie. Good night."

Half awake for a few moments that night, Myrtle thought she heard a weary crying, and putting one hand tenderly on Kitten's clasped ones, she fell fast asleep.

Chapter XX.

Three years passed away, quiet, uneventful years to the Douglasses and Myrtle Haltaine. The latter meanwhile studied at Hayton, formed new friendships, and grew from a winning girl to a graceful maiden of nineteen. Kitten was still her room-mate, and a strong tie bound these two in the bonds of affection. Mr. Stanley (Kitten's grandfather) died suddenly, leaving no provision for his favorite grandchild. Her Aunt Betty married, and her uncles decided that, as Kitten had received a good education, she could maintain herself.

"Have you no relatives on your father's side?" asked Myrtle one day, when the two girls were discusing the unfairness of the uncles in retaining what rightfully fell to Kitten's share.

"Yes; but they are very poor, and I know nothing whatever about them. Mamma was teaching far away from home when she was married. Papa was a minister, and very delicate. They both died before I can remember. Then Aunt Betty took me to Grandfather's, and she never kept up acquaintance with Papa's people. Anyway, I won't be dependent on any one. Yes, it's true, I *have* a good education, and I *will* fight my own way."

A resolute expression settled on the girl's firm mouth, and her wonderful eyes took a steadfast decision, as she glanced towards the brook in the meadow, then softened into the old pathetic beauty, as she said dreamily,

"Myrtle, how is it some people have such beautiful lives, all sunshine—no cares that we can see, while others have to fight on, yes, without ceasing, until the end?"

"We do not know people's inner lives, Kittie; we know nothing of the sorrows crushed behind a smiling face. I guess all have their sorrows, and those who have the greatest have strength to bear it. My life is a happy one now."

"I wonder what I will do," said Kitten, laughing softly, and bending her head on the window sill, until the wealth of nut-brown hair that no longer bobbed in short, frizzed curls, fell and made a veil around her slender figure.

"You have to spend the summer with us, anyway," said Myrtle. "Aunt Theresa has written twice, and, Kitten, you have promised."

"I know, Myrtle; it is all good and kind of you, but if I have to push my own fortunes, I had better be getting to work."

"Don't trouble now," said Myrtle, soothingly. "Aunt Theresa will give you good advice and all that."

"Uncle Joe wrote to Mr. Mason, and asked him to find a situation for me. I was only thinking, Myrtle, that a little sitting in the lap of luxury would not be good for a girl 'as has got a good edecation and must arne her own livin," said Kitten bitterly, but half laughingly and half cryingly quoting her uncle's words.

"Cheer up, Kitten," said Myrtle, merrily; "I've plenty for us both."

But Kitten shook her head,—her old independent spirit asserted itself: and rising, with a determined light in the dark eyes, she said as she commenced her packing, for it was near the end of the summer term, "No, Myrtle, Kitten has got to fight it out. I'll go with you and enjoy your kindness, and then to work. Miss Douglass has been so good, and I promised her at Christmas that I would. Miss Gamble and Mrs. Mason are both going to try and find me a situation. If that fails, there is an opening here for a pupil-teacher."

One hot July afternoon, Tom Rayburn came slowly up the avenue, and found his Aunt reading on the side verandah, where she was well sheltered from the sun.

"When is Myrtle coming?" he said, taking off his hat and fanning himself as he lounged on the steps.

"To-morrow, I think."

"How is she so long coming, Aunt? I have been too busy to come up. I thought she was coming with you after the closing exercises."

"She stopped to attend a wedding, Tom. A Miss Long, one of their former teachers, was married to a Mr. Sharp, and Myrtle and Kitten were bridesmaids. I came home immediately after the closing, but I expect them to-morrow."

"Them, Aunt?" queried Tom. "Who beside Myrtle?"

"Her friend, Kitten; you've heard her speak of her often."

"Yes, I think I have. A queer little mortal, isn't she?"

"Somewhat different from other people, but a nice girl. I urged her to come very strongly, both for her own sake and for Myrtle's. She needs company, and Kitten is expected to provide for herself. Her friends wish her to become a governess. Are you tired, Tom?"

"Yes, completely done out. I sat up last night with Mrs. Edwin Irving's little Sam. He has the fever."

"Is he in danger?"

"Not now. Well, Aunt, if I can I will be at the station to-morrow. Burke has a boil on his neck, so I have to do extra duty. I must go,—Miss Baxter has tea early. I'm glad Myrtle is coming; it will seem like old times."

Miss Douglas watched Tom's manly figure with pride and affection in her large eyes, as he strode quickly away whistling, while Oscar gambolled after him, and Nip hopped on three legs by his side.

Tom was now a full-fledged doctor. He had dug dutifully and graduated in the spring. Dr. Burke gladly welcomed the "young rascal" home, and at once proposed that the long-talked-of partnership should be formed. Tom accepted his offer on one condition, and that was that he should collect something more lucrative than chickens in payment for his services. The inhabi-

tants of Heathfield obligingly caught fevers, and pain and sickness were the order of the day. Tom soon found enough to do, and ere long had a fair prospect of cancelling his debt to Philip. Dr. Burke had moved into the village, and as the Hall was rather far away for convenience, Tom now boarded with Miss Baxter and her father; but all his spare moments were spent at Tecumseth, which he still looked on as his home. Three years had not altered him very much. He had still his old love of fun, and delighted in keeping Miss Baxter in a hubbub of excitement by now and then assuming a mysterious air, and imparting only the smallest scraps of information.

According to promise, the next day found him waiting for Myrtle at the station. When the train came thundering in, and the girls arrived, he decided to drive back to the Hall with them; it was so altogether pleasant to have Myrtle with them once more.

On the way to Tecumseth, Tom took a close survey of Kitten, who was eagerly inspecting every house and individual they passed. He had ample opportunity of gazing at the resolute face with the soft, brown eyes, which mirrored every passing emotion of their owner. "Some troubles, I suppose," soliloquized Tom, as he noted the wistful glances bent on every new object. He felt himself pitying her, until, just at that moment, Kitten burst into a hearty laugh at two old French women, who were gesticulating in front of their white-washed cottage, and turned her animated face to his with such a totally different expression, that in his desire not to appear sentimental, Tom succeeded in looking decidedly crusty and sour. For a second, she scanned his face searchingly. He felt as if she must see into his very thoughts. The beautiful softness that gave a charm to an otherwise energetic countenance died away, and a young girl with an icy smile, firm lips and rosy-tinted, olive skin, sat rigidly in her seat.

"Airy and sharp," concluded Tom.

"Conceited," concluded Kitten. "Good stuff there, but wants to be taken down a peg; honest and manly, but too much faith in self; a capital nut with a burry covering."

"I wonder what Philip will think of Kitten!" thought Myrtle anxiously, seeing that her friend had suddenly become stiff and quiet.

Kitten did not care for young men. She liked boys greatly. Had Tom been at the interesting age of sixteen, instead of one and twenty, or had he reached the advanced age of thirty or thereabout, he might possibly have found favor in the damsel's eyes. But he was a young gentleman, and Kitten shrewdly guessed that he thought himself very nice on the whole; so she settled not to like him, though she could not but admire the manly bearing and strength of purpose in the lines of his face, of blended firmness and sweetness around his mouth, courage in his steady blue eyes, and independence in his every action.

"Bother! I will be sure to fight with him," said Kitten to herself.

"Sharp little Tartar," thought Tom. "Has a will of her own. Looks like a hen that would peck, if any one dared be civil."

"Myrtle, it's comfortable to have you home," he said, turning his attention to her, as she talked to Miss Douglass.

"That is good," she replied with her sunny smile. "I forgot to ask for Miss Baxter. How is she, and how do you like your new quarters?" she continued.

"Oh! a great joke, Myrtle. I'll tell you all about it, when I've time. Baxter is in hot-water. She has Maude Fletcher on the brain." Tom laughed a droll laugh.

"She is home, then?" asked Myrtle.

"Oh yes, and Guy has gone into partnership with Mr. Fletcher. Very clever, Myrtle, and as handsome as ever," said Tom teasingly.

Miss Douglass shook her head warn-

ingly at Tom, and just then the carriage swept round the turn in full sight of Tecumseth, with its charming lawns, noble avenue, and background of wooded hill and sweeping river.

"What a lovely spot!" cried Kitten in an ecstacy of delight. "Just like one dreams of."

"That is our home, my dear," said Miss Douglass, well pleased at Kitten's outburst of sincere admiration.

"A river too, to sail on," added Kitten. "Myrtle, you never told me how nice it was."

"And plenty of kisses. Look here!" said Tom.

Sure enough there was a rush, and clatter of childish voices, and out came the little Trevors in mad haste.

"Hold up, Martineau," shouted Tom; and in another moment the children swarmed into the carriage, and took a crushing possession of Myrtle. Tessie, with her accustomed sprightliness, gained the first kiss, and sat enthroned on Myrtle's knee, a fair picture of a most witching wee maiden. Daisy was caught up by Miss Douglass, Chickie soberly patted Tom's hands, and looked admiringly up at his mischievous face. All of them regarded Tom as a most agreeable friend, for hadn't he guided Tessie and Harry safely through the "measles," and Daisy through the "ooping" cough? He was a kind of strong-tower, and whenever a little pain visited their small bodies, they flew to "Dowkling Tom," for sympathy and a pill. He kept a stock of caraway candies on hand in a small tin box, and when one of his tiny patients came with a woful face, and a "dreful sick," Tom gravely administered a caraway, and sent them home rejoicing. Indeed, so dear did these pills become that it was quite wonderful how frequently the excruciating attacks came on. Tessie, the rosiest of mortals, was the greatest sufferer, and it was truly lamentable to notice how often the young lady had to seek medical advice.

The children eyed Kitten bashfully for a time, and after one or two approaches of friendship, ran away home to tell their mother of the new comer. Myrtle's anxiety as to Mr. Douglass's reception of her friend was soon dispelled, for just as Kitten danced into the good will of people whom she chose to like, so she won on the master of Tecumseth, and astonished all by the frankness with which she set forth her opinions. Kitten was independent, and Kitten thought far more deeply than any one suspected. To a careless observer, she was merely a merry sprite, laughing through life with just enough shadow to make the sunshine brighter. Nothing beneath an effervescence of high spirits. To use her own words, away down in her little black heart there was a continual conflict. She was ever solving problems, the perplexing problems of humanity. She had not been at the Hall many days before Edith Trevor became a sore wonderment to her, and over and over again Kitten revolved the matter in her young mind.

Love begets love, most emphatically with children. Their innocent little souls cannot long resist a siege from one who is bent on winning their affections. So when Kitten, with her ardent loving heart, set to work to conciliate the youthful Trevors, they flocked around her like flies around sugar. And becoming enchanted with the mixture of playfulness with waywardness and the undercurrent of sweetness in her nature, they were soon faithful little worshippers at the shine of the "pussy," and wonderful was their devotion, for to Kitten there was nothing more beautiful than the honest hugs, kisses and confidences of the frolicksome children. She could invent delightful plays, knew no end of splendid tales, and had a witching power of making the most sober stories agreeable. The finding of Moses, and the journey of Jonah in a whale were her master-pieces. At one moment, with her vivid descriptions,

and laughable phrases, she convulsed her audience; the next moment her manner suddenly changed, as did her expression, and in plaintive tones she would so graphically portray some heart-rending scene, that the excited listeners, carried away with the pathos of the tale, would cry as if their hearts would break. No sooner were they well into the melting mood than she would exclaim, "Now, let us play priest!" whereon they told her their grief, and she would condole and pet them like an affectionate old cat.

One evening Tessie begged for a new play, and Percy, who was an inventive young man, proposed that they should have a "spree" like the men at the "shanty man's tavern," which he had passed on the previous evening with Martineau.

"Miss Kitten, you have the tavern, and we will be the shanty-men."

The little girls were delighted with Percy's brilliant idea, and so the saloon was arranged in the arbor near the avenue.

Mr. Douglass and Myrtle were examining plants in one of the flower plots. Miss Douglass was sitting in one of the rustic seats near by, busy over an elegant piece of wool fancy-work, so Kitten was easily teased into the childish plans of her young friends.

The children drank deeply of the pure water with which Kitten had provided herself for the "spree." Obedient to Percy's command, the girls staggered around, and Kitten pressed them to take another drink. Even Daisy caught the inspiration of the times, and entered into the play with a spirit that astonished the rest.

"Hic! hic! Come on, you fellows," blustered Percy. The fellows came on, and being three in number, proved too many, for there was a general crush just as Philip and Myrtle came down over the lawn, to watch the sport. At the same moment, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor emerged from the avenue. They had walked slowly up, in the shadow of the trees.

"Hic! hic! We're paying drunk," chirped Daisy. "Nice pay; eh, Tessie?"

Myrtle saw the pain in Mrs. Trevor's face, and deepening color in Mr. Trevor's sunburnt countenance, as Tessie staggered toward them, crying out, "It's real fun, ma. See how I goes, pa."

The tipsy young lady suddenly tripped, and fell full length on the grass.

"Tessie, Tessie, pet! come, the dew is falling, and, you have only slippers on." There was an odd little choke in the mother's voice. Tessie sprang up, and catching her hand cried,

"Yes, ma. But we'll play again, eh, Ma? Next day, p'raps, Miss Kitten."

"Come, all of you. There; try a race and see who will be home first." Mrs. Trevor said it smilingly, but Kitten saw tears in her eyes.

After Mrs. Trevor and the children left, she wondered what had come over the usually light-hearted Mr. Trevor, who always had a joke for her, and a bright repartee for Myrtle. He only stayed a little while, and then went home, with his head bent and his hat slouched over his face.

"What was the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, when the children were playing?" asked Kitten of Philip, as she joined him on the steps, where he still sat after Mr. Trevor's departure.

"They have a sad family skeleton, and your innocent game—for I know you did it with the best intention possible—probably harrowed up old memories."

"What are they?" enquired Kitten, eagerly; it never troubled her to ask questions.

"At one time, Mr. Trevor was a confirmed drunkard," began Philip.

"Oh dear! dear! I'm just as sorry as I can be," groaned Kitten

"And now he is trying to overcome his fault," went on Philip. "It is a hard battle for him sometimes, for some people who are strong themselves have no patience with the weakness of others, and so there is a continued temptation in his way. Mrs. Trevor tries with all her might to help him."

"That is just the way I'm always doing," burst out Kitten. "Always putting my foot into it. Dear me! I wish I could think beforehand and be proper, like Myrtle. She never hurts people's feelings, and I am forever doing it. I will never be good—bother!" Kitten frowned and clutched her hands nervously—a fashion she had when excited.

Philip looked up and smiled his quiet reassuring smile; then said in his own grave, kind way: "You will do better by and by."

"How do you know, Mr. Douglass?" asked she abruptly.

"Because you want to. The will is a great part of the battle."

"But if I am forever going wrong, how will I get right?"

"You are not forever going wrong. You are losing your self-confidence, and that is the right feeling of progression."

"My self-confidence?" I don't understand exactly.

"It is only when we give up trusting in ourselves that we commence to do right. You are getting tired of yourself."

"Mr. Douglass," said Kitten earnestly, after a pause.

"Yes."

"Did you?" and she leaned her head on her hand and looked confidingly at the man of whom everybody stood in slight awe, except perhaps his most intimate friends; "Did you ever feel as if you were all wrong?"

He rubbed his hand up and down the railing near which he sat. He was not accustomed to give his confidence to any one, or to speak of himself in any way. He lived his inner life quietly, deeming it too sacred to reveal to curious eyes; but in that moment he came out of himself and said humbly:

"Often, Kitten, and get weary of a heart that is desperately wicked."

"That's jolly," exclaimed Kitten, so blithely that the veil that had been lifted for one moment dropped in the twinkling of an eye. "I'm glad you feel wicked, sometimes. Misery likes company; but, honestly, Mr. Douglass, I never thought one so good and brave as you could ever feel wicked. I just thought that you belonged to that kind of noble people that go sailing straight into Heaven without the least tiny bit of bother."

Philip remained quiet after this impetuous deliverance, and Kitten thought she had offended him.

"Mr. Douglass."

"Well!"

"If I've said anything wrong, I'm sorry. You see I'm going astray again. Honestly, I'm sorry."

Philip looked at her again with the grave smile that chased the gloom from his brow, and then he spoke earnestly. He was a man of few words, and preached by his life rather than by his sayings. There was not one of his many employees but felt a certain something—a rising into purer ground, when associated with their master; yet for days he would scarcely speak, only when necessary, and rarely talked freely to any one save to his aunt, Myrtle, and Tom. Like the rest of people, he could not resist Kitten, for she did not know fear, and was not easily silenced, when she had an object in view.

"You have a mistaken idea, Kitten, of the way to heaven. The noblest, sweetest, grandest nature could not save any one. Neither could a life devoted to the greatest works of goodness and charity. You remember the thief on the cross?"

"Yes."

"One cannot imagine that his was a noble life?"

"No."

"Still, he is in Heaven, simply because he believed that the One who was crucified beside him *was* the Saviour, and he pleaded 'Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.' So it is not those who merely live moral lives that gain the entrance, but those who simply believe that God's Son died that they might be reconciled to the Father."

"That is just the way Kettles used to talk," said Kitten. "That was Mandie Kettles; but, Mr. Douglass, how is it more people don't get good?"

"Because they are too proud to accept such a plain, quiet salvation. They want to have some of the glory, instead of ascribing it all to the Son."

"They just have to believe, then it all goes swimming. No more trouble; no ups and downs. They fly ahead like a boat with a sail up before a good strong wind." Kitten's words were light, and her tone serious.

"You are wrong again. The boat veers round, and the sail falls, so the wind is not felt."

"What do they do then?"

"Get the boat to rights, and let a Higher hand take the helm. Lose their self-confidence and start again. Some do sail smoothly, while others are constantly being upset still they eventually get into port, and have the best rest because of the longest and hardest struggle."

"I cannot see that there are many extra good ones after all," said Kitten meaningly. "It don't seem to do them a pile of good. There was Mary Flight, at Hayton. She was forever pretending to be a saint, and yet honestly, do you know, Mr. Douglass, she was the biggest sinner out of jail. Would you believe it, she used to take another girl's compositions and pass them off for her own? I never cared much, but it just showed what she was," said Kitten, innocently revealing the owner of the stolen exercises.

"Well, Kitten, you are wandering away again. You are taking a poor, frail human being for a standard. The best way is not to look to others or make a guide of any one. Each person stands by himself or herself, and is responsible to no one on earth in matters concerning the future."

"And are you *quite* sure of getting to heaven, Mr. Douglass?"

"As sure as I believe the Bible," was the solemn answer.

"Oh dear, it must be comfortable to feel like that. Who is coming?"

"Tom, I think."

There was a sound of horses' feet on the gravel, and soon Tom came in, perfectly worn out after a long drive and some hours of watching.

"A hard day, Tom?" asked Mr. Douglass, as Tom dragged himself by, into the house.

"Tough. I'm going to stay to-night. Where is Myrtle?"

"In the parlor with Aunt."

"Philip, will you tell her, please, that Guy is coming up. I met him going into Trevor's. I must go and hunt up Rosalie. I am famished."

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOUSE AT THE BRIDGE.

BY A. C. W.

I was to leave by the noon train that was to take me to Liverpool. I was young, and I was leaving my home for the first time, going out alone to battle with the world. I had no near relations and but few companions. Even the kind old man under whom I had studied, slept in our quiet graveyard, and my school companions were scattered far and near. Still it was not without a feeling of pain that I took leave of my quiet, pleasant, country home, where so much of my boyhood had been spent; and a feeling of loneliness would come over me, when I remembered that I might never again look upon the familiar faces and scenes around me.

I had taken leave of the kindly miller and his wife, and of old Hannah at the toll-gate, and of many another humble friend, and had but one more visit to make, and this was to John Mathews, who kept our one country shop, called by the villagers from its situation, "The House at the Bridge." John was a quiet man, speaking little, but honest and good, and a favorite with all who knew him. His wife was a comely, pleasant-faced woman, and they had one child, a boy, the youngest and only survivor of five who had been born to them.

"Our Johnnie," as the fond mother called him, was a bright, chubby, curly-headed little fellow of two years. (It is with this family my sad story has to do.) But to return to my visit.

I found John Mathews in the shop. He welcomed me warmly, saying, "I told Mary you would never go without saying good-bye." Then he called to his wife, who was in the little room at the back of the shop, "Mary, the young master has come." Then turning to me, he said, "The wife has made you some cream-biscuits and coffee; and sure, sir, you will honor us this morning." Then Mary came in, bringing with her a pleasant odor of hot coffee, and they were both so pressing, and having had a long walk since my early breakfast, I allowed them to lead me proudly to the feast they had so kindly prepared for me. Everything connected with that visit is still fresh in my mind, although so many years have passed since that morning.

Johnnie was my especial pet, and many a toy and bright new penny found its way from my pocket into his possession. I remember this morning how Mary put him on the counter that I might see him in the little pink kid shoes that I had given him the week before. "Johnnie is mortal proud of his shoes," said the happy father, looking fondly at his child. "Yes," said Mary, "I could not get him asleep last night till I put his shoes on a chair by his crib that he might see them when he first opened his eyes in the morning. Johnnie, what will you do when your toes come through?" she added, kissing him.

I can almost feel the little fat, baby arms about my neck now, and the warm, dimpled face pressed to mine, as it was when I said good-bye to Johnnie.

John Mathews went with me to the railway station, and his kind and honest face was the last I saw on looking from the window as my train moved off. Alas! how changed was that face when I saw it again!

I did not arrange with my humble friends to write to me for two reasons. In the first place I could not give them

an address; and, secondly, because the writing of a letter would have been a difficult task to either John Mathews or his wife. And so it was that I lost sight of my old friends for so long a time.

As I said before, I had no near relations. My mother died at my birth, and when I was ten years old my father also died, leaving all he possessed to a second wife, who had three children by a former marriage. The money left by my father was hardly sufficient for the support of his widow and her children; but, fortunately for me, a cousin of my mother's, Mr. Edwards by name, an old gentleman living in Liverpool, wrote to my stepmother when my father died, and offered to pay for my board and education at a country school, where I remained until I was eighteen, at which time my kind old teacher died, and Mr. Edwards wrote that as I was now old enough to do for myself, he would not send me to another school.

I had hoped to go to college; but Mr. Edwards was by no means a rich man, and having a family of his own, I suppose he felt that he had done enough for me; and indeed I was most grateful to him, and I felt that I had no further claim on him. He had not entirely cast me off, but expressed a wish that I should go to him, and promised to put me in the way of doing for myself. And so my visit to Liverpool came about in that way. I was kindly welcomed by Mr. Edwards and his wife, and their five daughters, lively, pleasant girls, who were willing to acknowledge the cousinship I claimed, so making my visit of three weeks a very pleasant one to me. Finding that I was not averse to leaving England, Mr. Edwards offered to pay my passage to Australia, and to give me letters of introduction to friends he had there.

I accepted his kind offer; but I will not tire my readers with an account of my life in Australia,—I will only say the letters did me good service. From being the book-keeper, I rose to be the partner of a wealthy dealer in salt, and at the age of thirty-six I returned to England a comparatively rich man. I found Mr. Edwards very infirm. His wife had died six years previous to my return. Four of his daughters were married, and only Alice the youngest, remained to take care of her old father. After spending a few days in Liverpool I started for Cliftonville, my old home, to see those of my friends there whom time had spared. I was quite unprepared for the very great change that had taken place. The little village was now a thriving town. At the station, all was bustle and confusion. Cab-drivers shouting their recommendations of the various hotels to which they were attached. Porters rushing about everywhere, anxious passengers in search of lost property, and to add to the confusion, the rain was falling heavily. I was glad to follow a burly fellow, who had taken almost forcible possession of my travelling bag, while he shouted in my ear that the Temperance House was the best hotel in Cliftonville. The name, at least, promised respectability and quiet, and feeling glad of the shelter afforded by the cab, I allowed myself to be driven to the Temperance House. While having some refreshment, I was waited on by my landlord, and after some few remarks, I said, "And so this is a temperance house, is it?"

"Yes," said my host, "it is, and thankful I am to have had no hand in that poor fellow's death."

"In what poor fellow's death?" I asked.

"Oh, do you not know that a young man was hanged here this morning?" he said.

"No, I had not heard it. Who was he, and what was his crime?" I asked.

"His crime was murder,—at least that is what they made it out to be, those lawyer chaps; and his name was John Mathews."

"John Mathews hanged, and for murder!" I almost screamed. "No, surely not—John Mathews from 'The House at the Bridge!'"

"Yes," he said, "poor Johnnie Mathews. Did you know him, sir?" Then he added: "His poor mother died about a month ago, of a broken heart. She was in the Court and heard the verdict of the jury, when she stretched out her arms to her son with a cry that I shall never forget, and fell senseless to the floor. She was taken home and lived about a week, but never spoke again. And the poor old man, sir, will soon follow, I think."

As soon as I was sufficiently composed to question the landlord, he told me the whole sad story:

"Poor Johnnie," he said, "was, in many things, a fine young fellow, the idol of his parents, whose only child he was. He had a fair education, was witty, good-tempered, and was excellent company, and so was noticed by some of the gentle-folk here. But his fine friends did the poor lad no good, for he became extravagant, and worse still, he took to drinking. At first it was only a little now and again when with his companions, but he soon got to be too fond of his glass, and was often seen intoxicated. Well, sir, about eight months ago, John with a number of young gentlemen were spending an evening together when they were joined by a son of Squire Tallboys. Tallboys was a purse-proud, overbearing young man, who had more than once insulted John Mathews, and this evening he made some sneering remarks, and John, who had been drinking, struck him a heavy blow with a chair, which killed him instantly. In one moment the poor soul was sober, and filled with horror at what he had done. I think, sir, it ought not to be called murder; but the judge and the jury know best, I suppose, and so they have taken the poor lad's life, and in doing so they have killed his mother, and will kill the old father too. He is not always right in his mind, they say, and will sometimes fancy his son a little child again. He will take out some of his baby-clothes that the poor mother had treasured up, and will hold them and cry over them for hours. You see, sir, Tallboys was a gentleman and had many friends, and I think it went harder with poor Johnnie Mathews on that account."

I sat for hours thinking of what the landlord had told me, thinking of what Johnnie was, when I last saw him, of Mary's bright face and of her husband's quiet, happy smile; I sat thinking sadly till far on in the night. Early the next morning, I was off to find poor old John Mathews. The place was so changed that I had much difficulty in finding the house, but at last I recognized it. Not standing by itself, as formerly; but crowded in by a number of other buildings. I knocked at a side door, which I knew used to lead to the little parlor behind the shop. Having knocked several times, and no one opening the door for me, I at last slowly pushed it open. The little room that Mary used to take so much pride in keeping neat and cheerful, was now cold and comfortless, and sitting by the table, his face hidden in his arms, was an old man, whom I knew must be my poor old friend. I softly called his name, but he neither moved nor spoke. Then I spoke in a louder tone, and put my hand on his shoulder. Then I knew that John Mathews would never speak again in this world. He had gone to meet his wife and child, I trust, in a better world, where sin and sorrow cannot enter, and where all tears shall be wiped away. On the table before him lay several little garments that had been worn by Johnnie when a little child, and there I recognized, though faded, worn and soiled, the little pink kid shoes. I asked for poor Johnnie's remains, but my request was refused, and he sleeps in the prison yard. After seeing John Mathews laid by his wife,

and erecting a stone to their memory, I returned to Liverpool, and made my home with Mr. Edwards, and my pretty cousin, Alice, who is now my wife. I have never since visited Cliftonville, but have been told that, to make room for larger and handsomer buildings, they have pulled down 'The Old House at the Bridge.'"

ASLEEP.

BY JANE SMITH.

The lids droop o'er the weary eyes,
  The tired hands lie still at last;
The day was long, and full of care,
  But now 'tis past.

The daily round of tasks that graved
  These lines of care—yet seemed so light
To other eyes—are ended by
  The welcome night.

To-morrow's duties must be done
  By other hands. Upon her breast
Fold these that toiled so patiently;
  They've earned their rest.

Young Folks.

BOILED AND MADE BEAUTIFUL.

BY EROL GERVAIS.

Gretchen had grown old. There was no denying it. She had never had much complexion to boast of, but when she was quite young, there was a tint of color in her plump cheeks, her lips were bright red, and her eyes—why, her eyes were as blue as a wild violet or an old-fashioned, china tea-cup. Then, too, she had an abundant row of little formal curls all round her head and a general sprightly look, that made her a very agreeable object, particularly in Mabel's eyes. Mabel, or Mab, was the name of the little girl who owned her. But now Gretchen had begun to show unmistakable signs of old age. The plump, rounded cheeks were still puffy, but there were seams all over them, and every vestige of their pink color had disappeared. The line of the lips was nowhere to be found. The blue iris of the eye was not distinguishable from the black pupil, for both had been pretty well rubbed away; and the little formal curls, though preserving their outline tolerably well on the whole, were quite dingy, and here and there a little ragged. But the most unpleasant thing of all, was that you could not take this Gretchen into your arms or toss her up and down, or caress her after the fashion in which little girls are wont to caress their dolls—for, of course, you know that Gretchen was a doll—without being pretty sure of having your hands and face or your clean white apron soiled by contact with her dirty skin. I can't tell you how many times Mab's mamma had to wash her little girl's face and change her pinafore, in those days of Gretchen's advancing age. Indeed it was this consequence of every game of romps between Mab and Gretchen that at length determined Mab's mamma to remove Gretchen to the hospital for old dolls—in other words, to the garret, and replace her in Mab's possession by a bright, new doll.

Mab's birthday was quite close at hand, and this was the time that Mab's mamma had decided upon to produce the new doll. She went out one afternoon, a few weeks before the birthday, and returned with a mysterious parcel sticking out at both ends of her muff. Mab saw the parcel, and wanted to know what it was; but her mamma only laughed, and told her that little girls should not be too curious. I think myself that Mab had a slight suspicion of the truth, for there was a little opening at one end of the paper and a bit of a chubby, wax foot thrust through it, and Mab got very red when she saw this. But she said nothing, and her mamma put the parcel away in a drawer and locked it up.

Well, the birthday came round at last, and when Mab opened her eyes in the half dusk of the early morning and

felt, for it was too dark to see, on the chair which she had placed beside her bed, the first object that her hand touched was the new doll. What a beauty she was! Mab fairly screamed with delight when, a little later, the sun came out brightly and showed her the pretty creature in all the pride of her new clothes, her flaxen curls and her rosy cheeks. She had no name as yet, but Mab soon gave her one. She called her Wauna. This is an Indian name, and I don't think it was at all suitable for the new doll, with her fair skin and light hair, and blue eyes; but Mab had a fancy for the name, and did not in the least care whether it was suitable or not. Wauna was introduced to Gretchen almost immediately, and Mab told her mother that Gretchen was very much pleased with the new arrival and meant to share her bed and carriage with her, and to take all sorts of care of her. And quite soon Mab's mamma saw Mab with the two dolls, one in each arm, running about the nursery as happy as any little girl could be. But Mab's mamma looked grave, for there were ugly stains on Mab's dainty white pinafore; her little hands were quite soiled, and where she had touched her tiny nose with one of them, an ugly smear disfigured that minute feature; but worse than all, Wauna's blue tarlatan dress was badly soiled. This must not go on.

"Mab," said her mamma, "there is no use in talking; Gretchen is too old and too shabby to play with any longer. Every time you touch her, you soil your clothes or your hands and face; and just look at Wauna's dress that I took such pains with. I bought the new doll intending that you should put Gretchen away and play with *it*, and that is what must be done. Why, Wauna would be shabby in a week if you kept them together, and all her new clothes destroyed."

Oh, what anguish this was for little Mab. She felt just as her mamma might have done if a new baby had come, and some one who had the power came and said: "You must send your little Mab away to the garret or the old lumber-room, for the new baby has lovely white frocks, and nice little bibs, and dainty, pink shoes; and Mab's clothes are sometimes soiled, and so are her hands and face, and if you let her play with the baby, he will be as bad as she is in a little while."

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" Mab cried out. "Surely you don't mean that. You don't mean that I am to send my poor old Gretchen away and never see her or play with her any more. Oh, dear mamma, don't say that. What has she done, my dear old Gretchen, but only grown old?—and she can't help that; and I love her just as well as ever. I will keep her ever so carefully, and not let her touch Wauna, or I will wrap a shawl or a pocket-handkerchief round her, so that her dirty clothes won't soil Wauna's dress; or don't you think, dear mamma, she could be washed, and her clothes too, and some new ones made for her, or something done that would make her clean again?"

Mab's mamma looked puzzled. She was sorry for the distress of her little girl; and, truth to say, though some very sensible people would laugh at her for it, she was herself sorry for Gretchen.

The old grey rubber doll was a familiar object, and many a tender association was linked with her in Mab's mamma's recollection. How well she remembered choosing the rubber head from scores of others, and making a pleasant little mystery of it to Mab, until an amply stuffed linen body and arms and legs were manufactured, and the head sewed thereon, and under-clothes and frock and apron and out-door garments provided! And Mab had had such comfort with this soft, elastic creature. She had outlived two wax babies and a composition nurse, and had come out of numerous tumbles and much affectionate rough treatment with scarcely

a scratch or a bruise. But old age had told upon her now, and when once a rubber doll begins to grow old, that is, *very* old, it is not an agreeable object to look at, far less to handle. It sticks to your fingers, has a warm, clammy feeling, and is anything but nice. And this was the case with Gretchen now. Mab's mamma left the room, and left Mab in tears. She went up-stairs and paused before an old-fashioned bureau that stood in one corner of her sewing-room. Her face had a thoughtful look on it, as if she was deciding some important question. And so indeed she was. Presently her brow cleared, and she smiled to herself. It was plain then that the important matter was settled, and settled satisfactorily. She opened a drawer, and after rummaging through odd scraps of ribbon and shreds of lace and fragments of silk and a mixed heap of various colored *patches*, drew forth in triumph a doll's china head. I daresay some of my little readers own just such a one. It was about the size of a brown-stone ink-bottle, but not the shape. Oh dear no! It had quite a nice forehead, with two little bumps above the eyes, and fat, black curls round the head; and it had ears, and black eyes, and cheeks as pink as a sweet pea. To let you into a secret, Mab's mamma had bought it some time before, intending to make a body for it and give it to Mab on her birthday; but Mab had expressed great admiration for a certain wax "Fanny," belonging to a little playmate of hers, and Mab's mamma had concluded that Wauna, being almost exactly like Fanny, would be a more acceptable gift. And so the china head was suffered to lie in the old bureau drawer quite unsuspected by Mab or any one. Mab's mamma took it out now, and then she went to the head of the stairs and called "Mab."

Mab came very slowly with red eyes and holding a bundle in one arm. The bundle was Gretchen, rolled up in an old shawl to keep her from soiling Mab. Mab's poor little heart was bursting with grief. The beautiful Wauna was almost forgotten, and in the fear of losing her dear old Gretchen, the child was hugging the bundle to her heart and with difficulty keeping back the tears that were swelling to her eyes.

"Is that Gretchen you have there?" Mab's mamma asked, and at the cheerful voice and the pleasant smile Mab fairly broke down and sobbed outright, though something told her that there was hope in that look and tone.

"Come, come, my poor little woman, don't cry," Mab's mamma said, and she gathered Mab and Gretchen together into her arms.

"After all, I don't believe we will be obliged to banish Gretchen. I have thought of a plan, and I believe we can make her just as good as ever. Let me see,"—and Mab's mamma unfolded the shawl, and drew forth Gretchen, while Mab, smiling now through her tears, looked on in breathless expectation.

Yes, it might be done.

It was not a thing that was done before, perhaps, but that was no matter. The first thing was to cut away the old rubber head.

Mab gave a scream of horror when she saw the gleam of the scissors, and a moment after the head roll off; but her mamma told her it would be all right, and she must not mind; so, though she trembled, she tried to keep still and say nothing. Then Mab's mamma rang for some hot water, and poured a quantity into the basin, and took Gretchen's body and washed and scoured it in a way that I am sure Gretchen never was washed and scoured in all her life before. If you had only seen the water after she came out of it—it was as black as ink! But Mab's mamma changed it again and again, until at last you could scarcely see any trace of dirt on it. Then Mab's mamma took a sauce-pan and filled it with water, put in a good big lump of soda

and some shavings of soap, and when all were well melted, put Gretchen in also.

I can't tell you how long Gretchen remained there, boiling away at a furious rate, and Mab's mamma turning her over every now and then with a tooth-brush handle, to see if she was becoming quite clean. Out she came at last, and then she was twice rinsed in clear, cold water, and afterwards in blue water. Then Mab's mamma hung her out in the sun to dry, and, finally, when she was quite dry, brought her in and gave her such a pulling and punching and twisting into shape as you never saw.

You must know that all this time I am talking about Gretchen's body, for her head was really past use, and Mab was reluctantly obliged to admit the fact, and to consent to the head's being either buried respectably in a quiet way, or else laid aside in the garret with other beloved but useless relics of departed dolls.

Well, you could not have believed how nice and clean and shapely Gretchen's body now looked. Really, the washing and boiling and punching and twisting had worked like a charm.

The china head was sewed on next, and fitted to a nicety about the shoulders, and by this time it was almost the hour for Mab to have her tea, and go to bed; and really Mab's mamma was quite tired out with her exertions. So she said good night to her little girl, and told her that to-morrow they would resume the work of restoration. And so they did.

The next day a new frock—quite a handsome one of red silk, with black velvet trimming—was made, and a bonnet and cloak of the latest fashion, and actually a muff! Mab thought the world and all of that muff. It was seal-skin, and oh, so soft and warm for Gretchen's dear old hands!

And then the stockings and the kid boots which Mab's mamma had made when Gretchen was quite young, fitted her still, and had never worn out, so that her toilet was as complete as any doll's need be, and she looked—well, Mab said she looked perfectly lovely; and indeed, I quite agree with her.

She and Wauna met henceforth on equal terms. There was no question of rivalry between them. Indeed, Gretchen had rather the advantage of the two, for Wauna had nothing but a ball dress as yet, and when she went for an airing, Gretchen was obliged to lend her her bonnet and cloak and muff. This she did very willingly, for Gretchen was the most good-natured creature in the world, and delighted to oblige her young companion.

So the two dolls and Mab played together, and were as happy as could be.

Mab and Wauna looked upon Gretchen now as quite a heroine, and Mab used to tell the story of how Gretchen was boiled and made beautiful, whenever she got the chance; and one rainy afternoon Mab's mamma put the whole history into verse, to amuse Mab.

Perhaps it will amuse some little reader of the NEW DOMINION, so I will copy it out here, asking the reader to remember particularly what is said in the three last verses:—

Now Gretchen had grown old and grey,
  Her face was seamed with age;
She had no longer beauty's charm
  Mab's fancy to engage.

Yet still in Mabel's loving heart
  A tender feeling lay;
She could not bear to see her doll
  Forever put away.

And when one birthday Wauna came,
  With cheeks like damask rose,
And all the pride of flaxen curls
  And new and handsome clothes;

And Mabel's mother said: "My dear,
  In Gretchen's shabby state,
For Wauna, with her bright new clothes,
  She is no fitting mate.

" So keep them carefully apart,
For if they playmates be,
As soiled and moiled as Gretchen is,
Poor Wauna soon we'll see."

Mab felt so badly, that mamma
At length devised a plan
By which to better Gretchen's state,
And soon the work began.

Her rubber head, defaced and torn,
Was quickly cut away;
Her linen body, arms and legs,
To dirt so long a prey,

Were rubbed and scoured well with soap,
Then in a boiler placed,
And boiled in water till all stains
Were carefully erased;

Then rinsed in water pure and clean,
And then hung out to dry,
Till bleached with wind and sun and air,
A sight to please the eye;

Then taken in, a china head,
In mother's bureau found,
Upon the cleansed but headless trunk
With careful stitches bound.

Clean underclothes and boots, new frock,
Cloak, bonnet, apron white;
Another Gretchen, yet the same,
Met little Mabel's sight.

How pleased is now the loving child!—
Her tears all cleared away,
Her Gretchen with new joy she takes
On equal terms to play.

And you, my little child so dear,
Be gentle, loving, kind;
E'en dolls may many a lesson teach
Unto the infant mind.

If to your little lifeless friend
You tender pity show,
The seed thus sown, in after years
To precious fruit may grow.

And God, who marks each loving thought,
Each look or action mild,
Will smile upon you from above,
And own you for His child.

HOW WE MOVE ABOUT.

BY M.

Well, nowadays it is an easy enough matter,—all we have to do is to hail the first hack, and we are as well provided for as though we kept our own stables; but it was not always so. Our ancestors had rather hard times that way, and perhaps it may not be entirely uninteresting to cast a backward glance at locomotion. I shall not attempt many dates,—they are but dry things at best, though undoubtedly most useful, and as I am writing chiefly from memory, I might err every now and then.

The earliest form of chariot with which we are acquainted, is the ancient state chariot, so frequently pictured on Assyrian and Egyptian walls. It is a quaint-looking thing, vastly like a modern bath on four wheels, each wheel being a solid piece of wood, cut into a resemblance to four spokes. The jolting must have been terrible, for there is not the slightest appearance of springs.

Most likely it was in one of this kind that Joseph rode when, being exalted by Pharaoh, he was placed in the "second chariot." That is the first mention of chariots in the Bible, but we often read of them afterwards. Four hundred years after Joseph's advancement we are told that "the Lord took

off the chariot wheels" of the Pharaoh who "knew not Joseph," and "pursued" after his descendants. The basis of Solomon's temple was like "chariot wheels," and they are also frequently mentioned as part of an equipment for war. Elisha was taken to heaven in a "chariot of fire." Jehu rode in an ordinary chariot, so did Naaman, Ahab, Josiah and others. Pharaoh had 600 chariots, the Syrians 700, Solomon 1,400, and the Philistines 30,000. As early as the book of Joshua, or 1444 B. C., we are told the Canaanites had "chariots of iron," probably meaning that they were like the Roman war chariot, where the hub of the wheel was, bound with iron.

These war chariots were open behind, were about knee-high in front, and were destitute of seats. They were generally used by the ancients; but the Persians, Gauls, and Britons rendered them very destructive by attaching long iron hooks, or scythes, to the hub of the wheels. Goldsmith tells us in his history that the Britons were most expert in their use, driving furiously into the thick of the fight, turning suddenly, and so maiming (one would imagine) friend and foe alike. A certain number of archers, or fighting men, were sent with each chariot.

During the seventh century, ox-carts were used in France; according to old pictures, they must have been very like a common hay-cart of the present day, only that the wheels appear cut from a solid piece of wood. The lack of springs was overcome by the use of numerous cushions. In the time of Louis XIII. there was a great improvement; still the picture given of a hunting chariot in his time is not very inviting. It is long, with a seat reaching the full length, capable of seating five or six persons, who sit as though on horseback. A high box in front is for the driver, and an ordinary seat with cover behind, for two persons, completes this extraordinary vehicle.

Coaches were used in England during the reign of Henry III., but I do not remember ever reading where they were invented. Many kinds of conveyances had, however, been used before—among other things, a hammock hung between four wheels. The state carriage used by Queen Elizabeth, is described as "a chariot throne drawn by two white horses;" and clumsy as the affair must have been, I do not wonder in the least at her preference for riding. At the time of her coronation, her maids of honor must have had rather hard work, to keep their places on the "board seats" of their vehicles; true all was covered with costly velvets, and the hangings were needed so as to hide the roughness of the carriage.

The sedan chair was first used by the Duke of Buckingham. He had been much abused for using it; but in 1634, an enterprising Englishman, Sir Sanders Duncomb, had fifty or more made for public use, and they were much sought after. This must really have been the very commencement of hackmen or carters. At first these chairs were borne by two men, one in front, the other behind; but after a while, they were put on wheels, and drawn along. In Spain, mules carried the chair, which there was large enough for four persons. The mules were led by gaily dressed servants. When coaches first made their appearance in England, they were almost universally condemned. A gentleman seen riding in one was considered to have disgraced himself, by partaking of luxury only endurable for the softer sex. But even ladies did not escape censure, and many a pamphlet containing hard rubs for them, was printed and freely circulated. Here are some of the complaints against coaches: That country gentlemen could get too easily to town. So also their wives, who were thus led into extravagant purchases, besides becoming discontented with their country homes. Shopkeepers declared that

they ruined their trade, because ladies passed by so quickly, they could not see the goods exposed for sale. Landlords complained that their noise drove away tenants, and boatmen that they took away their customers.

During all this time, there could have been but very little travelling, particularly for amusement. Merchants and soldiers would be obliged to go, but it must have been weary work for them, and attended with danger, as well as inconvenience. In the East, the palanquin and howdah were greatly used, and I believe, are so still. The form of both is so well known that it would be useless my attempting a description of them. So much for wheeled vehicles and other ancient modes of movement. Now let us turn to our own day, and what a goodly array of carriages, &c., meets our view! We need not go beyond the limits of our own city, for within it is everything needed in the way of locomotion; nay, if we merely stand at our window, what hundreds we shall see pass by, and of what an infinity of shape and style, from the springless market-cart of the *habitant*, to the luxuriously padded carriage of our wealthy citizens! How poorly Queen Elizabeth's "chariot throne" would compare for comfort, with the shabbiest cab on any of our stands, or the carriage in which her ladies rode, with a common express waggon! And how expressive were the words of a writer of that time, "The wife of every citizen must be jolted now."

But other modes of conveyance are needed when King Winter begins his reign, and we instantly think of the awkward-looking horse sledge of the Russians, the reindeer sledge of the Lapps, and the dog sledge of the Esquimaux. Nor must we forget our own graceful Canadian cariole, or American cutter; and it would be difficult to find more real comfort in any mode of travel, than when warmly clothed, and snugly tucked into the robe-decked sleigh, our horses dash gaily along to the "music of the bells."

In Holland, skates are used as a means of travel, and farmers' daughters will rather enjoy skating to market with a basket of eggs on their head. From the very beginning an improvement in the mode and means of conveyance has been sought after; but it is only since the discovery of steam power, and the invention of the locomotive, that improvement has taken such rapid strides. Think what a glorious thing it was to bring shipbuilding to such perfection as to cross the ocean in five or six weeks, whilst now it takes but few more days! And with land travel the difference is even greater,—space seems to be annihilated by the iron horse; one learns to forget it, and to measure distance by time, not miles. "How far are you from——?" is often asked, and the reply as often given "an hour's ride," "a day's ride," as the case may be. Another great addition to our convenience is the street railroad, and nearly all American and Canadian cities have it. How the good old Sir Sanders Duncomb would stare could he revisit this earth, and see the latest improvement in street conveyance! His sedan chairs would look strange beside a C. P. RR. car.

There is but one other conveyance which I shall notice,—the velocipede. What a rage there was for it at one time, and what wonders were expected to be achieved by it! Horses were to be henceforth useless, except for heavy work. Every one was to be his own horse, and drive himself on his own carriage. City cars were no longer to be required, as all could go to and from their business by velocipede. Training schools were opened, and I believe factories started; but the reign of the velocipede was short,—it not only looked rather absurd, but it was found to be really hard work, and it has been abandoned to the use of children.

This much about travel, past and present; but who can look into the future and foretell what may not arise yet, in improving what appears almost perfect now? Old "*Mother Shipton's Prophecy*" was published three hundred and thirty-five years ago, and if the old lady is to be believed, we have certainly come to nearly the end of her strange predictions:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In black, in white, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown,
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

THE ELEPHANTS.

BY G. S. O.

INDICUS.

"Well, Africanus, so we meet at last!
I did not think your deserts were so vast.

AFRICANUS.

"What, Indicus? I see your face with joy!
How fares your wife and family, my boy?
Come, shake my trunk—proboscis, I should say;—
One learns such slang!—forgive me, cousin, pray."

INDICUS.

"There's nothing to forgive. But now, I see,
I heard the truth—you're not so big as me."

AFRICANUS.

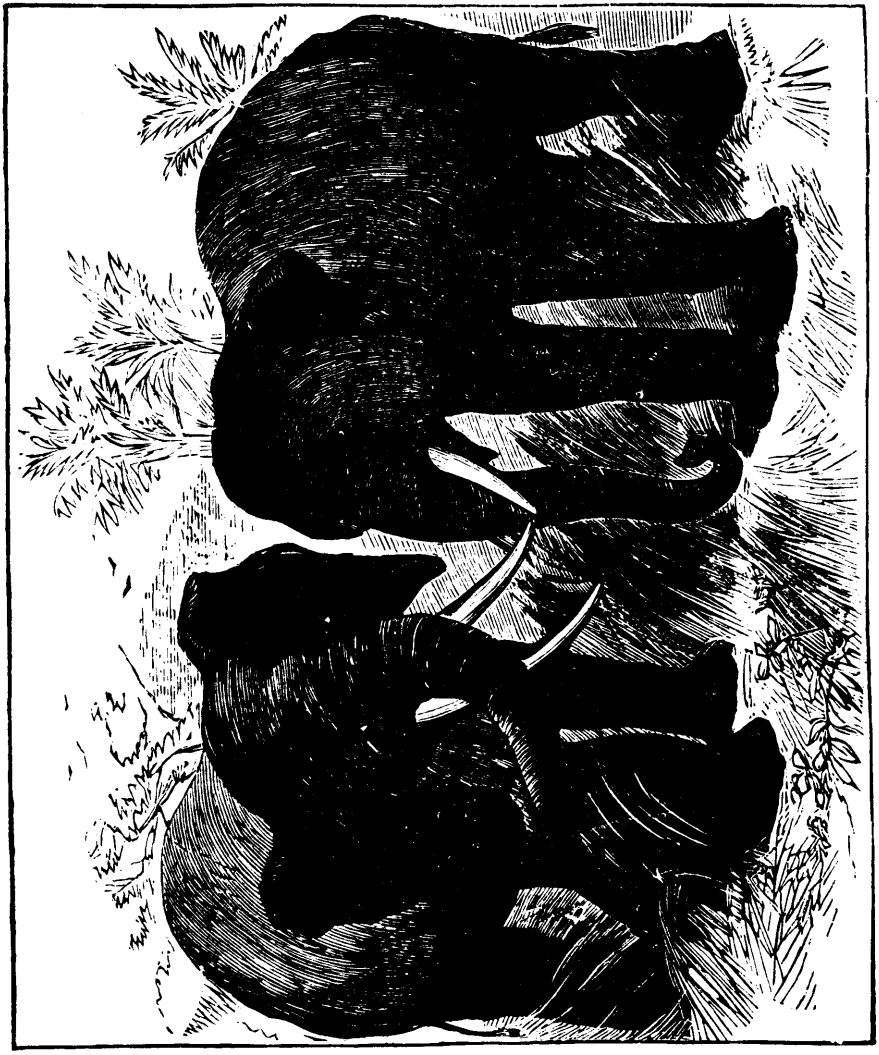
"True, I allow; but may these tusks be bone,
If I can't show an ear far better grown!"

INDICUS.

"That I must grant; but I've four nails, you see;
You smaller Africans can boast but three."

AFRICANUS.

"Well, well, your vaunts forbear, dear Indicus—
No other creatures can compare with us.
They say the whale can boast a wider girth,
But we are, doubtless, monarchs of the earth.
No other proboscidians are known:
Don't let us wrangle, for we stand alone."



INDICUS.

"True, very true; what other creature goes
With forty thousand muscles in his nose?"

AFRICANUS.

" One that can gather grass, uproot a tree—"

INDICUS.

" Lift a great cannon, sweep aside a flea—"

AFRICANUS.

" Pick up a pin, or lay a giant low—"

INDICUS.

" And good to eat—the epicures say so ! "

AFRICANUS.

" O wond'rous nose ! "

INDICUS.

" Let's blow a mighty blast,"

BOTH.

" Till lions tremble at the sound aghast."

AFRICANUS.

" Alas, my brother ! heard you not the gun ?
Peril is near us—we are both undone !
Our blast has sure betrayed our hiding-place :
Go where you like, but at no tortoise pace.
Hush !—let's decamp—direct a letter soon
To ' Africus, the Mountains of the Moon.' "

INDICUS.

" Good-bye, dear cousin ; we will meet again,
When Elephants have learned to do like men—
Lie, quarrel, buy and sell, build towns and ships—
Then shall those two-legged tyrants feel our whips."

AFRICANUS.

" Aha, dear Indicus, that will be fun !
But let us part—there goes another gun ! "

—*Chatterbox.*

OUR THREE BOYS.

BY SARAH E. CHESTER.

(American Tract Society.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Fitch laid the specimens away in a drawer, and brought two sheets of foolscap and gave the boys a lesson in first principles.

He put their hands in position, turned their penholders in the right direction, and taught them how to make a straight mark, not an up-and-down straight mark, but one which tipped a little and pointed north-east. The thing to be done was to keep the hand and penholder in position, and make each mark tip exactly as much as the mark before it.

A few dozen of them were not so tiresome, a few lines of them were easily borne; but when it came to half a page of them, Dan felt that he had had enough.

"Mr. Fitch," said he, "please give me another lesson. I know this."

Mr. Fitch came and bent his long body over Dan.

"Notice improvement!" said he. "Good, better, best. So it goes. The first line shows inexperience, the next shows progress; and when we get to the last we might almost think I'd had a hand in it myself.

"Now we will try something a little deeper. You'll find you get on, Daniel. We'll turn you out a writing-professor, before you know it. Now, see if you can do as well on this character."

It had more form and expression than the straight lines. There was more in it to interest one who had dealings with it. Still, Dan was tired of it at the end of a half page. He was tired of writing altogether, and would have been glad to have school close and let him outdoors, where he could scream to his entire relief. One shout would have helped him amazingly; and a few antics or a game of ball would have set him quite right.

It was far from Dan's intention to do anything wrong that evening, or anything rude; for he had principles, and he considered himself a gentleman. Besides, he had just begun to be a man, and it became him now, of all times, to be on his good behavior.

He expected to go through the duties of the evening in a proper manner, get as much good as possible from this first opportunity for advancing towards business honors, and at the close, after a courteous "Good-night" to Mr. Fitch, to bow himself out politely with his cap in his hand.

He had not the most distant idea of doing any deed that would give Mr. Fitch a bad impression of him, or that would lower his own self esteem, or shock his father. Not he! He was rather up in his own esteem just now. He was inclined to think that every boy wouldn't have sacrificed his dearest prospects in life for his family, and kept still about the disappointment—which was no doubt true; and that on the whole he had done something not to be ashamed of—which was true also. No one could dispute Dan's claims to self-approval. He did himself only fair justice. He saw in himself just what others saw—a good-natured, self-sacrificing disposition.

But he ought to have known that it is not wise for people to have quite as kind eyes for themselves as their friends have for them; and that it helps one along in life much better to

look towards the good deeds one means to do, than after the good deeds one has done.

Temptation generally finds people off guard in a state of self-satisfaction, and takes that opportunity to lay them low.

So it happened that Dan, in his lofty frame of mind, was above looking out for any very small temptations, and was just in the condition for small temptations to take every advantage of him.

Mr. Fitch's scholars had made up their minds that Dan was in one of his moods to-night, that fun was coming, and that it would be well for them to keep their eyes open. They occasionally glanced in his direction to see what he was going to do.

By-and-by he laid his pen down, leaned back in his chair, and yawned. The yawn not only made his mouth stretch round and large, but it had a voice which called the attention of the boys to it.

Dan Sheppard was tired, it seemed. Well, no wonder. Writing was tiresome work. Not much in it to interest a fellow. They had not thought of it before, but their hands were stiff and their necks ached. They could all give Dan their sympathy. They all yawned, not in a body, but one after another, until it had gone quite around.

Several pens lay down on the table, and there was a general leaning back in chairs.

When Dan saw the bad effect of his example, he at once took up his pen. He was a little vain of his popularity and of his power over the boys. It was not unpleasant for him to set them copies in his actions. He liked very well to be imitated. It was partly a wish to make them follow him, and partly a wish not to be responsible for their wasting time, that caused him to begin writing again.

All this time Mr. Fitch was exerting himself over a little boy at the end of the table, who found it very hard to make two straight marks go the same way.

Dan wrote as if his whole soul were in the pot-hooks, until he had seen his example take general effect. Then he felt that he was tired, really and truly tired, not in the mood for writing.

He kept his hand going slowly, and cast his eyes about. Within easy reach sat little Tommy Cady. He had nothing against the child. He did not wish to hurt him. It could give him no pleasure to see him squirm with pain. But he was within easy reach, and Dan's fingers were tingling to pull somebody's hair—so he pulled Tommy's.

There! he felt better. He could make more pot-hooks now. How Tommy felt was a matter of small consequence. Little boys must expect jokes of that kind to try what they were made of, and bring out what was in them. It was the way to help them grow. It taught them to endure. Dan had given a little lesson in manly courage.

Tommy had had his little lessons before, and he bore this very well, though he made a ball of his fat hand and held it up in a way that threatened.

A foolish bit of sport, thought Dan. He pulled up his coat-sleeve and gave his wrist free air to work in. He ran his nervous fingers through his hair, causing many locks to stand out in many directions. He plunged his pen deep in the ink-bottle. Black were the marks he made; bold and sharp and sure each stroke. He looked quite eagar over his work, as if he were writing poetry instead of pot-hooks. Those boys who thought he was putting it all on for their amusement, smiled.

Beautiful pot-hooks were those he made. They fascinated his eyes and fingers, and he dashed them down furiously, until the end of the sheet cut short his career. He turned his head with a lively toss in search of Mr. Fitch.

That gentleman was bent above one of the advanced pupils, engaged in writing the question, "Why does all that loves me leave me?" for a copy.

Dan was a very good boy now, a very good boy indeed. He had done that half page of pot-hooks about as well as it could be done. He indulged in a little self-praise while he waited for Mr. Fitch to come and praise him.

He was out of patience with the man's slowness. Was it going to take him forever to set that copy? He wanted to get at work again. It was really better to let one's spirits off in good, sensible work, than in mischief. Oh, very much better! Yes, he was pursuing a capital course.

But what ailed that right arm of Jack's? For in turning to look for Mr. Fitch he could not fail to see it. It moved like a wooden arm. There was too much stiffness there. Somebody ought to limber it for him. Oh, unbearable to see those heavy, creeping motions! painful to watch the hard work that arm made of such an easy thing as writing! it ought to be jogged a little to stir up its nerves and give it a grace of motion. It needed a knock, and it got it. A sharp, sudden rap on the elbow made it move ahead with the greatest ease. The pen scratched and sputtered up the paper, leaving a long black ink-trail behind it.

"Confound you!" muttered Jack in a rage that was rare for him.

For the first time that evening Dan realized that he was treading on dangerous ground. He had not meant to do any such thing as that. It had seemed to do it itself. It surprised him almost as much as if some one else had done it. He was sorry to have spoiled Jack's neat copy, and to have made the boy mad. It was a pity about that. He would keep a sharp lookout on himself the rest of the evening.

But now all sorts of temptations began to turn up. Mischief once having the advantage of him was not going to lose it. He thought of a dozen things that he could do for fun in that little cramped room, that seemed at first sight to afford few opportunities. No end of practical jokes tempted him to come and try what excellent articles they were.

What had become of Dan's bold self-trust? Where had his manly strength of character suddenly flown He was only a mischievous child, bent on fun, now, who would not think seriously, nor act wisely. He wanted fun too much to care for consequences; so quickly had the temptations he had been encouraging, but never fearing, got him in their power.

Mr. Fitch had really reached him at last.

"Can't you give me a copy like Harry's?" said Dan, alluding to the boy who was being asked why all that loved him left him. Harry, after writing the question a great many times, found himself taking an interest in it, and feeling that it would be a satisfaction to have it answered.

Mr. Fitch smiled a smile that pronounced Dan's request so absurd as to be amusing; and made a character which had more form and expression than the pot-hooks, but still had not risen to all the dignity of a letter in good and regular standing in the alphabet.

"When shall I get to A, Mr. Fitch?" said Dan sorrowfully. "In a month, perhaps?"

"Not quite so bad as that, we hope," said Mr. Fitch, patting his shoulder cheerfully. "You'll be putting the letters together before many days, we hope, and making words of this description:"

With a grand swoop he came down upon the paper and placed his own full name at the head of Dan's clean sheet. It was all curled and twisted, and trimmed with beautiful little circles and tails that had nothing to do with the letters, but were thrown in merely to adorn; and it was shaded from boldest black to faintest blue.

Mr. Fitch stood off and regarded his work with just pride, and then looked at Dan to see how he had borne the bursting forth of such power.

"Beautiful!" said Dan in a dreamy tone. "Beautiful!"

Mr. Fitch began to feel that his new pupil understood him.

"Am I to do this, Mr. Fitch?" said Dan, pointing to his new copy.

"Yes," said Mr. Fitch. "This is copy No. 3 in the course of instruction made use of in my practice."

"I wish," said Dan coaxingly, "you would let me try writing words for a little while. You must own I have done pretty well this evening, Mr. Fitch. I would enjoy words for a little rest."

"It is out of order," said Mr. Fitch. "But I'll let you relax for a few minutes."

He lifted his arm high to attack the paper, when Dan said, "Something from Shakespeare, please."

Shakespeare was not a favorite with Mr. Fitch. Indeed, he knew very little about him, and did not care for a better acquaintance. But he did not wish Dan to find out that there was not a line of Shakespeare's works which he knew well enough to quote; so, being quick-witted, he continued to smile as if quite at his ease, and wrote down with many flourishes, "How truly hath it been said that he only is wise who improves his opportunities — Shakespeare."

"I don't remember which play that is in, Mr. Fitch," said Dan. "Tell me, please."

"Romeo and Juliet," said Mr. Fitch, hurrying away before any more questions should get him into trouble.

He stepped back as soon as Dan was occupied with his new copy, to take a look at Jack's sheet.

"Ah, blotted!" he said. "Try and make a neat-looking page like brother's. Carelessness never turns out first-class penmen."

Jack would have scorned to tell Mr. Fitch that it was Dan's mischief and not his carelessness, that had spoiled his sheet. Dan would have told him if he had overheard Mr. Fitch's remarks, but Mr. Fitch had spoken very softly out of regard to Jack's feelings. Jack did not answer Mr. Fitch; but he laid up a grudge against Dan to be paid off after writing-school.

Chapter XVII.

Dan wrote his copy over once, and then turned and tickled Tommy's left ear with the corner of his sheet of foolscap. Tommy jumped.

He wrote the copy over again, and then took out his knife and pretended to stab Tommy with it under the table. Then he put his knife back in his pocket, and wrote his copy over once more.

Writing slowly, he thought swiftly. He thought of pepper. Pepper on that red-hot stove would have thrown Mr. Fitch and his school into an uproar of sneezing. But pepper he had not. While he was considering what could best be done, Mr. Fitch stepped to the door to speak to some one in the hall.

"Every boy blow out his own lamp!" whispered Dan, the thought coming to him in a second.

The whisper flew around the table, and at a signal from Dan's upraised hand each boy blew, and there was total darkness.

"What is this?" said Mr. Fitch.

He might well ask. For beside the sudden darkness there was scuffling of many feet; there were wrestlings and strugglings and gigglings and whisperings.

Mr. Fitch plunged into the midst of it, and snatched some one. It was a little boy, who slid out of his fingers as if he had been oiled.

He snatched again, and succeeded in keeping hold. But he had his prisoner by the hair, which hurt and made him cry, for he was only a small child, not yet above crying for pain.

"Le' go o' me! you hurt!" said this child.

"What are you up to? What do you mean by it?" said Mr. Fitch, putting all his righteous indignation into the grip with which he held on, and into the vigor with which he shook. So hard he shook that the little boy's upper teeth danced about on his lower ones noisily, giving the words he had it on his mind to speak no chance to come forth.

But he had already said enough to make Dan sure what his name was. He knew that it was little, weak Freddy Murdock who had fallen a prey to Mr. Fitch's vengeance; and he determined to rescue Freddy, for he felt that it was quite unfair that he should suffer for the sins of those who were bigger and stouter than he.

What do you suppose Dan did in Freddy's behalf? Such a rude, mean thing that it is a shame to have it to tell; but he was wild when he did it. They were scarcely better than crazy boys, any of them. So beside themselves were they with the fun of chasing, catching, hitting, tripping, and rolling in the dark, no one knowing his next neighbor, that they hardly knew half they did do. Dan had tripped up several fellows, and had the satisfaction of hearing them bump upon the floor; and while his foot was in the business he tripped up Mr. Fitch.

Freddy was free; and Dan, seeing no better way out of the scrape than to run, ran down the stairs, dragging Freddy after him. Before Mr. Fitch could get upon his feet every pair of boot-heels had clattered down the stairs after their leader; and there was such a tumult up the street, where the whole writing-school ran in a body, that some one sitting on a dry-goods box, and seeing the flying crowd go by, imagined that they were on their way to a fire, and so set up the cry of "Fire!" himself.

Hearing that, the writing-school repeated it; and some boys on another street repeated it again; and some one, whose business it was to ring the alarm bells at such times, set the Methodist bell going; which set the Baptist bell going, and then the Presbyterian; which brought Mr. Sheppard from his study to the front door, and sent cousin Louisa flying to the corner with her overskirt over her head to protect her from the night air.

Just as she reached the corner and stepped into the shade of two big trees, the writing-scholars came to a stand-still on the other side of the trees.

"This is a scrape," said Dan to the assembled school, "that we are all in, great and small; and I know there isn't a fellow here that would tell."

He laid his right hand heavily on little Tommy Cady's shoulder, and his left hand heavily on little Freddy Murdock's, making each little fellow feel that whoever might reveal this great secret, *he* could by no possibility be the one to do it.

"But we've got to get out of this, boys," said Dan. "We're all in it, and we've got to get out of it. Now let me tell you what to do. I rather put you up to this, and I'll take the responsibility of getting you out."

"To-morrow night every one of you fellows be there promptly, and go in and sit down and speak to Mr. Fitch, just as if nothing had happened. Take my word for it that the whole thing will pass off, for Mr. Fitch can't afford to turn us all out, and we were all in the row. Only see that you behave yourselves after this, and don't let me put you up to do anything more. Agreed?"

"Agreed!" answered the school.

"Be there promptly to-morrow evening, then, with your faces washed and your best manners on. Good night."

Cousin Louisa slipped behind the trees until Dan and Jack were far enough on their way towards home for her to come forth without being discovered. She had not meant to overhear; but since it had so happened, she thought best to keep still about it.

"Where's the fire, boys?" asked their father, as they came in the gate.

"A false alarm, sir," said Dan.

"How did the writing go off?"

"First rate," said Dan. "Learned how to make straight marks and pothooks."

"And blots," said Jack knocking his hat off. "Take that!" boxing his ear. He had just remembered his grudge against Dan.

Mr. Sheppard had turned about to go in while Dan was answering his last question, and he was out of hearing when Jack began to fight.

Jack was only half in earnest. He could not treasure up wrath long enough to have any serious spite against Dan. But when boys begin to pound each other in fun, they often get to pounding in earnest; and that is what they were doing when cousin Louisa, her overskirt gathered around her face under her chin like a hood, came in at the gate.

"Who comes here?" said Dan.

"Cousin Louisa, as large as life!" said Jack. "Been to the fire, cousin Louisa?"

"Very well," said cousin Louisa, alluding to their occupation. "Fight, and kill each other if you want to."

"She gives us her blessing," said Dan, "the blessing of a cousin and a friend."

"It would be well for you to remember how you have spent this evening, and to reflect on what may come of it," said cousin Louisa. It would have been impossible for her not to say it, although she meant to keep the secret of her hiding in the shadow of the trees.

"She speaks," said Dan to Jack in a whisper, "as one informed."

"Have you been there, cousin Louisa?" asked Jack.

"Where?" said she.

"On the scene of action."

"I know more than you think, young gentlemen," said she, passing on into the house.

Which put an end to the boys' fight; for they were filled with wonder and alarm, and had much to say to each other which concerned their mutual interests.

Chapter XVIII.

Chiefly they wondered if Mr. Fitch had been having any secret communication with cousin Louisa; if he had risen to his feet and sought her out and told her his tale of wrong, in the short space of time while they were getting home.

Impossible it seemed. But so many things that seemed impossible had come to pass within their brief experience of life, that they could not feel comfortably certain that Mr. Fitch and cousin Louisa had not met and plotted against their peace.

They went to bed, tired of guessing about what they were as far from knowing as when they began to guess. Jack went to sleep.

He had not indeed a perfectly clear conscience that night by any means. He had been concerned in an affair which there was cause to be ashamed of, and which might bring its own unpleasant consequences to him. But it was only an affair of thoughtless mischief, something he had not planned to do, had done quickly, and which hurt no one so much as himself.

He had not the burden of other people's faults upon his thoughts that night. He had not the bad deeds of fourteen boys, besides his own bad deeds, to lie awake and feel accountable for.

Dan meant to sleep. He was tired. He had had an exciting evening. He needed rest, and he laid his head in the middle of his soft pillow and closed his eyes with the intention of forgetting himself with all his faults, cares, and perplexities.

But though his body was tired, and though his eyelids were heavy with sleep, his brain was as fresh and active as if just starting out on a new day.

It began to think and think and think. Dan turned over on his other side. He even turned the pillow over on its other side. He said the alphabet through and backwards. He counted five hundred.

And then, having no sort of success in falling asleep, he deliberately opened his eyes wide, stared at the dark, and let his thoughts do just what they pleased.

They shamed him. They made all manner of fun of him. They reminded him what a brave fellow he was to give up his future hopes for his beloved family! They asked him if he wasn't proud of the fine beginning he had made in his business career. They told him he was a manly boy, a noble

creature, with dignity to support him in his sacrifices! They enquired if those tricks he had played on Tommy Cady and the other boys weren't deeds to boast of. They asked him what he thought about getting a recommendation from Mr. Fitch to some business firm. They asked him frequently what opinion he had of himself now. And every time Dan answered, "None at all."

He had fallen as low in his own esteem as he had so lately risen high. He did not admire himself at all while he lay thinking in the dark. He felt that he was a person not wholly to be depended on by himself. He almost wondered that it all could have happened. He traced the end back to the beginning, and saw how it had happened.

"Too proud altogether! I felt much too fine," said he. "Pride must have its fall. I won't think myself quite such a remarkable hero, when I begin again. I'll start out humbler and see if I can't do more respectably."

He sighed deeply, for his self-conceit had met with a great fall, and he was sadly ashamed of himself.

Resolving to begin anew, and make such progress in his next career as to atone for his false steps, he turned the pillow and himself over once more to see if sleep was not ready for him at last.

But no; there were those fourteen boys whom he had led astray, for him to think of for awhile. One after another they visited him in his troubled thoughts. Each one brought his own reproaches, but the wee fellows shamed him the most. He had caught a glimpse of Tommy Cady preparing to blow before he gave the signal to the writing-school. His cheeks were puffed out roundly, his eyes were eager for the fun, and his whole face spoke anxiety for excitement. It was a bad thing to have given Tommy a wrong start so early in his life. Fourteen boys lying heavy on one guilty conscience! No wonder that Dan sighed long and loudly as he turned over and over on his sleepless pillow.

Thinking of many things and many people as he tossed about, he thought of his mother, of her trust in him, of her hopes for him, of her pride in all the best part of his nature. He remembered much that she had said to him; and something brought back to his memory the little sermon she had preached to Joey about the text on his Sunday-school card: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."

He remembered how he had lain on the lounge and listened, while mamma explained simply to Joey, that following Christ meant going after him exactly in his footsteps, doing the things that He had done, and that going after Christ was being a Christian.

He remembered how he had rolled off the lounge and got over by mamma, until his head was in her lap; what she had said about his following Christ; what he had thought about following him; what he had wished and meant to do.

He thought how unlike Christ it was to tempt people to sin; how far he had gone from the path Christ left for us to walk in, after Him, when he had become a tempter. He would have been far from following Christ, if he had only yielded to temptation. How much farther was he in being himself a tempter!

It was a long time before Dan slept, and in every dream that came to him something made him ashamed.

The next evening each boy was so punctual, that Mr. Fitch hardly knew which one of them came in first and which one last.

Nothing had been heard from Mr. Fitch by any of the boys during the day; and it did not appear that anything was to be heard from him during the evening. Except that there was remarkable order, that each boy was very quiet and attentive to his copy, things went on as if nothing had happened.

For Mr. Fitch had determined to bear his injuries in silence, and keep

a sharp lookout. He had his suspicions about Dan. He knew there must have been a leader, and it was not hard for him to guess whose spirit was most apt to lead.

Besides, he had been teaching writing for a week and a half without the smallest disturbance in his school. Trouble and two new pupils had come to him on the same evening. He was not inclined to suspect Jack; but he had his own ideas about Dan, and he began to watch him closely.

Though he watched him many evenings, he discovered nothing for his pains. But he was none the less sure that Dan had been at the bottom of the disgraceful events of that evening. Indeed the more he thought it over day by day, the more he felt it could be proved beyond a doubt that he had a foe in Daniel Sheppard.

This belief he confided to the shoemaker's daughter.

The shoemaker's family lived over the boot and shoe store, and their parlor door was directly across the hall from the door of the room in which Mr. Fitch kept writing-school.

It often happened that these two doors opened at about the same time. They always seemed very much surprised at meeting by the banisters, though they met so often that they might have become accustomed to it after a while.

It was the shoemaker's daughter whom Mr. Fitch had stepped into the hall to have a word with on the evening when the lamps went out; and she had overheard so much of what followed, that Mr. Fitch had told her all the rest he knew, and had hastened to relieve her anxiety about his fall, assuring her that the bump he got on his head was nothing serious.

When he afterwards confided to her his opinion of Dan, the shoemaker's daughter did not hesitate to own that she herself considered Dan a "mischievous piece."

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

I.

Son of the wisest, what was his name?
He was not wise, for when counsellors came,
Scorned he the aged, refusing their claim.

II.

Holiest mount, by the Kedron's sweet stream,
Deep were thy shadows, which paschal moon's beam
Scarce could illume with its softening gleam.

III.

Galilee's daughter, who followed her Lord,
Gave of her substance, and hung on His word,
Left not His cross when the darkness had lowered.

IV.

Stone of our help! as we journey along,
Thee we erect, and proclaim in our song
Praise to His name, who, our weakness makes strong.

V.

Daughter of Moab! in turning away,
Type thou affordest of hearts as they stray
Back to the world and its luring array.

VI.

Fragrant the gift which in worship ye bring,
Orient sages, to Jesus your King,
Dearer to Him is the heart's offering.

VII.

Blasphemous King who would dare the Most High,
Boasting *his* gods!—the avenger is nigh,
Slain in their camp the Assyrians lie.

VIII.

What was her Jewish name? See! she doth crave
Life of her people—will the king save?
Beautiful pleader so fair and so brave!

IX.

One who as leader of song was renowned,
Whose holy numbers with David's are found,
Making the courts of the Temple resound.

X.

Strictly obeying parental command,
Portionless are they in houses and land,
Nobly the adder-like cup they withstand.

XI.

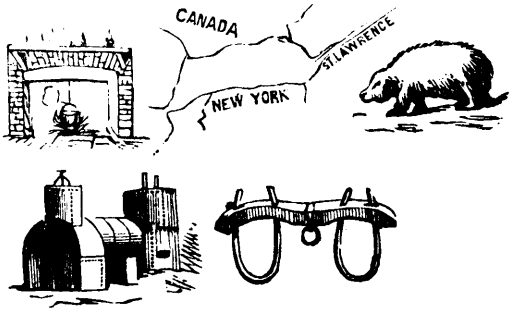
No longer a servant, but now in the Lord
A brother beloved—shall he not be restored?
So writes the Apostle with tenderest word.

XII.

Ruler in Israel, coming by night;
Then in the council defending the right,
Bringing sweet spices, as faith groweth bright.

Lord, Thy fragrance still impart,
Bloom forever in my heart,
Filling all this lower air,
With Thy sweetness dwelling there.

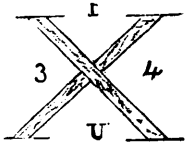
PUZZLES.



1. PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I. The initials and final letters of the objects here represented, form the two parts of a compound word.

II. A gentleman sending a friend an invitation to dinner, accompanied his note with the following intimation:



Neither of the above puzzles are original, but we shall be glad to receive from our young friends the results of their own ingenuity and invention.

Who will send us the best pictorial rebus in which all the syllables of a proverb or well-known quotation are represented in pictures? We give but two cautions to the puzzle senders: send nothing that is not original, and send the answer of every part of the puzzle written out clearly, with the puzzle.

The Home.

WHY?

BY M.

Why is it that women workers command a lower rate of wages than men? A great deal has been said about the injustice of this state of affairs, and certainly it does seem only fair that the amount of *work* should be paid for, irrespective of the sex of the worker—and I think employers generally would admit *that*—but there are certain reasons why women *cannot* place themselves *quite* on a par with man, and I will endeavor to bring the two chief ones before you.

In the first place, women are not so reliable as men; and again, they are not educated to their work from an early age, like boys.

I daresay many will object to the word *reliable*, and yet it is true; and it prevents many a one from obtaining employment. Women cannot help this; it is no fault of theirs; they do their best, and are, in many cases, more conscientious than men in the discharge of their duties; but the employer would much rather have one about him whom he can depend upon for regularity of attendance, even if he does waste a little time, than one who is liable any day to be kept away altogether. This should not be, you say—and certainly it should not; but it is so, nevertheless, and, I think, always will, for there are many home duties which *must* be done by the women of the family, even if those women have to work elsewhere. A workingman rises just in time to partake of the breakfast which has been prepared by his wife or daughter; then goes off quietly to his work, perfectly satisfied that all will go on right at home during his absence. The day's work done, he returns to his home, and the evening is spent with his family. He never thinks of *doing* anything after his day's work; he has borne his share of life's burden for that day, and he now rests from his labors. This is what a man does; but how about women? They cannot do so, for they have to assist at home both before and after their work. The very breakfast which the father eats has been partly prepared by the daughter, who rises an hour earlier in order to assist her mother with that and other things, before she leaves for her own place of work. Then, after the meal is over, she remains as long as she possibly can, so as to help clear away, dress the younger ones, sweep the room, and do whatever she can find time for. Then she hurries off to her daily work, getting there tired and weary from having had to walk so fast. Still she performs her task, though her mind is not given to it. That travels off to the over-worked mother, and she longs for the hour of dismissal, so that she may be able to render still further help. Night comes, and, while the father rests after his day's work, the daughter still works. Is it any wonder, then, that, after a while, the poor girl's health fails, her work falls off, and her

employer finds her almost useless? Had a boy been engaged for the same work, at the same time, he would have improved—would have become more valuable, and could have demanded higher pay; whereas the girl has fallen off instead of improving. Employers do not know the reason of this, nor could we expect it to make any difference to them if they did—all they want is to have their work done, and done properly, and when they find that a woman's work is fitful, being one day good, another bad, no wonder that they either refuse to employ her, or only do so at a reduced rate. Little does the employer know that many of his hands work almost as hard at home as they do with him. Still less does he know that it is only the women who do so, for the work to be done at home can only be done by them—their husbands or brothers would be incapable of it; so that it is not selfishness on their part, which allots to them the quiet chat with a neighbor, or the refreshing (?) smoke, whilst the female part of the family work.

Women are weaker than men, more apt to be laid up by sickness, and so kept from their work. This is a great drawback; yet they cannot help it. Some people imagine that women are always fancying themselves sick; that they love staying home to nurse themselves,—not because they are really sick, but because they like to be waited on and petted by the other members of the family. I do not think so. There may be some who lay up for imaginary ailments, but not many, and they would not belong to the class I am speaking of,—they would be found more among those who have large means and no occupation. Really busy people have no time for fancied ailments; they are far more likely to ignore the premonitory symptoms of illness, and work on till such time as they are forced to give up. Then, again, suppose sickness visits any other member of the family? Who would ask, or even wish, for the husband or son to remain at home as nurse? With every desire to help the sufferer, with as much love as poor humanity can give, they would nearly always be useless. Then, someway, so much more stress is laid upon the *man's* earnings than the *woman's*, that no one ever expects them to stay home. And when they depart for their day's work, the woman's blessing follows them; but let the woman go, and how different all would appear,—they would be "heartless, unkind, unnatural." Truth is, they would be missed, and the sick person, unable, when in a weak state, to control the natural infirmity of selfishness, resents their absence. But employers cannot be expected to make allowance for all this,—all they know is, that the attendance of women is not reliable, as a rule; and they pay accordingly.

But there is another reason why women are not *reliable*, and it is this. No woman ever seeks employment except with the hope that it will be temporary. That wonderful "something" which, Micawber-like, is always expected to "turn up," is always between her and her work. True, she performs her allotted task from day to day, but still there is the fact, she is ready to leave just so soon as she can; and she is not the only one who knows it. Her employer knew it the first day she entered, and *considered* it when fixing the rate of wages. Marriage invariably diminishes the number of "hands" in the women's department, but gives a fresh incentive to the men to become better workmen. And who knows this better than the employer—who calculates more upon it than he? Within a week, a shrewd employer can tell pretty well whether the *new hand* will be likely to remain any time, and he acts accordingly. What benefit will accrue to him from pushing a girl on, when he can see clearly that she is just one of those lovable ones who will soon draw a ticket

in the matrimonial lottery. If the ticket turns out a prize, she is entirely lost to him—if a blank, then she may return to the factory, but will not be of much use there. One-half of her will be working at the factory—the other, and better half, will be at home with the children, who are entrusted to the care of some old woman—or, worse still, are locked in till her return. Is it at all strange that women are not so desirable (as workers) as men, when we take into consideration all they have depending upon them outside their workshops? or is it at all strange that the only way they can obtain employment is by taking lower wages than are given to men? This will only apply to such kinds of work as admit of men and women both undertaking it.

The second great reason why women command lower wages, is because "they are not educated to their work from an early age like boys."

This applies chiefly to women of another class. If I now use the word *ladies* instead of women, perhaps I shall be better understood. What is their early training; and does it ever include such an education as will fit them to earn their own living?

"Oh, they will never require it," is answered, and, in return, I say, "You never know what may happen; the income you now possess may not always be yours; your employer may fail, your own business may desert you, or, worse still, sickness may lay his hand upon you, and you will be glad to turn to a daughter to help you—then, how much better would it be for both you and her, if she had been educated to business in early youth, instead of waiting for stern necessity to drive her into it?" Notice the difference between brother and sister in a family where the income is plentiful, yet where there is no very great wealth. We will even suppose them to be twins, so as to make all the circumstances more alike. Up to the age of twelve, or even fourteen, there is not much difference in their treatment; both attend school, both receive nearly the same education, both are to all intents and purposes *children*, with no care, no anxiety for the future—the *present* is their world, and they enjoy it most thoroughly.

But the time comes when the parents recognize that their "twins," are no longer children; and mark the result. John is placed in an office—interest is used to get the place for him, money even—in some cases—is expended: profit from his earnings is not thought of; it is his future, and his future alone that is considered, and all he earns is "his own," his pocket-money, to spend as he pleases.

What about his sister Mary, who is just his age, who has received just as much education, and who (unless I err greatly) is often far in advance of her brother. Would any father, or mother, think of sending her out into the world, so long as they could support her at home? No; and yet why not? If John can be allowed to keep all his earnings for himself—if money can be paid so as to secure a place for him where he will *learn* how to get his own living; (it cannot be necessity which drives him from the parental roof;) then, why should he go more than Mary? Why not treat both alike, and let him too, wait at home till obliged to work.

What parent would listen to such a suggestion, if it were made in earnest? None. All are keenly alive to the desirability of boys learning a business, or profession, even if they are not supposed (at the time) ever to require the proceeds from it. It is of service to them individually—gives them a certain stand in the world—employs time which would otherwise be wasted—makes men of them. But, on the other hand, what parent will do as much for his daughter? She has as good capabilities as her brother, is as willing to learn; but is not allowed to do so, indeed as society is now constituted she could

not do so, without lowering herself in the social scale, as much as her brother raises himself by pursuing the same course. This is, but ought not to be; and what makes it worse is, that this very injustice to women is the result of man's love for them. He considers himself to be, as he is, their natural protector; he is willing to support them, and all he asks in return is their love, their sympathy, their wonderful facility of making a *home* out of what he can provide. The place where mother, wife or daughter, passes the hours which he devotes to sordid money-making, is his "haven of rest," after the tumult and turmoil of the day; he longs for it, aye, even when apparently the most devoted of Mammon's servitors, and loving it as he does, he would not willingly break the charmed circle.

Call it, if you will, man's selfishness that will not destroy the home life, because that home life is a pleasure to him. I do not think so. I think it arises from man's love of women, and his desire to shield them in every way he can from contact with that world, which he knows, by experience, to be hard and rough. Still there is such a thing as "killing by kindness," and it is often practiced, even here in our very midst. A little girl receives a present of a new doll, and all the beautiful mother love which is stowed away in her little heart, rushes out to the fair waxen image. But how does she show that love? chiefly by folding it so close to her loving breast that she crushes the fair face almost past recognition. It is the child's love for her doll which makes her that she will barely let it out of her sight, and when she does do so, it must be "locked up," lest anyone should want to steal her treasure. Is it not almost the same with the daughters of a family! They are kept so close in the arms of parental love, are so shielded from ought that could by any possibility roughen them, that their energies waste from lack of employment, and in middle age, when the grey-haired father is either bankrupt, or sleeping in the churchyard; when the mother is in declining health, the brothers all married and with families of their own to support; then they are turned out into the world to work, and that, too, without the slightest suitable education for the purpose. There is another great drawback to ladies who desire work, and this could not possibly happen to men. I mean that at their very first start in life, when at woman's age they find themselves thrust into the world's great workshop, where the work they accomplish has all to be learned; still they really require the salary of a skilled hand, for they have others depending upon them for support. Now, this double burden, the support of one's self and others, cannot fall to the share of a man in his first start in life; he begins earlier, begins when he can keep all he makes for his own use,—nay, often receives assistance from his parents, so as to enable him to lay by a sufficient sum to warrant his marrying. Thus, as the years roll on, and his life's burden increases, he can grapple with it—he is inured to work; he feels his own capabilities; he is no longer a learner; he has passed some of the stations on the road to riches; has confidence in his own powers, and can see success in the distance. But, alas, how different for women! They have the burden laid upon shoulders that are unused to labor,—a burden of such weight as would paralyze the efforts of many a strong man, with a well-assured position.

Again, women are brought up too much as if marriage were the end and aim of their existence; and yet, surely it does not require any vast amount of observation to see that it is an impossibility that all can marry, and that the number of those who do is diminishing year by year. Some of the reasons for this, we may perhaps give another time;

they do not come within the scope of this paper. All I have endeavored to bring before you is, that there are two great causes at work,—why women cannot compete favorably with men in the labor market, and that in neither case does the blame (if blame there be) rest with them, They are utterly unable to alter this themselves, without failing in another and more important thing—the duty they owe their parents. Hardly one father in a hundred would give permission for his daughter to work outside home, so long as he is able to support her. What, then, is she to do? Is she to go directly contrary to his express desire, and, by doing so, break God's commandment, which He has dignified by attaching a promise to it? or is she to go on steadily performing those duties which God and man alike pronounce to be hers, and wait patiently for the time which must come yet, when daughters of the household will be educated to labor, and allowed to participate in it with the full consent of their parents, and without loss of social position?

HINTS TO TOURISTS.

Ladies who wish to travel easily and economically, are wise in leaving heavy baggage at home—or in at all events making themselves so independent of it that they only need to resort to it when making a lengthened stay among friends. Those who take a trunk about with them, calculating upon gaining access to its contents whenever they stop for a night or for a few hours, must necessarily waste a great deal of valuable time and strength in packing and unpacking, and pay out a considerable amount of money, in one way and another, to porters and express companies; while too often the indispensable trunk is not forthcoming, without annoying delays which take away much from the comfort of travelling. There are, however, two alternatives worse than taking a trunk: one is taking a hand valise so large and so heavily packed that the owner cannot without exerting all her strength lift it in and out of cars, or carry it from one end of the station to the other, and the other is having one's belongings scattered in half a dozen different bags, boxes and shawl straps, each one small and easily managed, but altogether more than any one person can cope with. A trunk is, as we have said, better than either of these alternatives; and, with those who are travelling leisurely, is on this continent no very great inconvenience. It is, however, quite possible by exercising a little foresight to avoid all inconvenience whatever from baggage. For a short trip of ten days or a fortnight, or longer, if washing can be done, all that a lady needs may be easily carried in a hand-bag. For extensive tours a trunk may be also taken and checked through to destination, the happy travellers being able to ignore its existence in perhaps nine of their stopping places out of ten, and being able to give their whole attention to sight-seeing and to obtaining the necessary rest and refreshment. It is difficult on leaving home to realize the time which will be wasted on every occasion when a trunk is opened; but experienced travellers who travel for pleasure, and not to show off their fine clothes, know well what an advantage

it is to be unencumbered. As we have said, however, in order to accomplish this end, forethought is necessary. It is important, in the first place, to have a travelling dress which is neither too light nor too heavy, nor too susceptible to the influences of rain, sunshine, or dust. It is possible though difficult to find this, and it is well worthy the trouble. This dress should have no train, and should either be well off the ground, or be capable of being shortened in case of rain or mud. Half a dozen safety pins stuck where they will not be visible, will be found an admirable provision when travelling, as in two minutes the dress can be securely tucked beyond the reach of mud—ordinary pins are of no manner of use in shortening a dress, as they inevitably fall out. The trimmings on the travelling dress should be flat, and so arranged that they will not gather dust, or tear upon every projecting corner. The pockets should be numerous and strong, and fastened to the band; an outside pocket large enough to hold a guide book or a slight lunch, will be found invaluable. The skirt of the dress should weigh no more than is absolutely necessary—that is, it should be comparatively narrow, slightly trimmed, and almost without lining; and what weight there is, should rest entirely upon the shoulders and not drag at the waist. This is of great importance if the lady traveller does not wish to pay for her sightseeing by hours of weariness because her "back is so tired." This matter is one so easily attended to that there is no excuse for its neglect. Let the skirt band be made at least three inches too wide for the waist, and attach to it near the centre of the back, on each side, tape or braid as wide as you can procure; fasten the two together with a cross piece three or four inches wide between the shoulders, and bring them down in front under each arm, attaching them to the band with buttons. It is essential that the front straps should come under the arm, as otherwise injury or discomfort would result. Under the dress a moreen underskirt will be found invaluable, as neither mud nor rain will affect it, but it should also be supported from the shoulders. A large pocket in this will be a safe deposit for money and valuables, and if made far back in the skirt will hold bulky articles quite concealed. As for the undergarments, it is possible to make them so that they will take up incredibly little space in packing. Linen or fine cotton garments made out of as little cloth as possible, are best for travelling. One advantage of the "reform" garments is that they need not occupy half the space of the former outfit, and are certainly much cooler for summer. To travel with comfort in summer it is absolutely necessary to have a complete change of garments, and we would strongly advise that a second suit should be taken to relieve the travelling dress in the evening and on Sundays. Many will not see how this can be managed without a trunk, but a silk skirt and overdress of silk or some other light material can be so made as to occupy a very small portion of a travelling bag. In an article in an English magazine, entitled "How to Travel without a Maid," a writer who styles herself "An Anti-bandbox Gentlewoman," tells of her plan of packing articles needed on a journey. We copy her suggestions, premising that the list of articles taken would have to be varied to suit individual tastes and necessities:—

"Let me introduce you, with a sensation of triumph which I cannot altogether suppress, to the anti-bandbox wallet and the black bag.

I am aware that travelling-bags are made of all sizes, and with fittings which might be supposed to leave a woman nothing to desire; but they have one fault—a fault which cannot be got over—they are all too perfect. Your bag is to have no fittings. It is

to be pretty much the same shape as those fitted up with all imaginary tools, and costing any number of guineas; but it is not to be made of leather, or lined with silk; it is to be of a black waterproof material, and to shut with a lock and key. It can be bought almost anywhere, and its cost will be three shillings and sixpence; it is lined with calico, and has a division of the same material; it has a strong, stiff bottom to stand upon; its cheapness makes it of feather-weight on your mind as to its intrinsic worth; its appearance is perfectly respectable; and, should it be worn out, in any town in Europe you can buy another. You must tie the key on to the handle with two separate strings, and one string is to be a trifle shorter than the other. The shorter one will take the worst of the wear; when it breaks, the longer one will prevent the loss of the key. Your wallet will travel in your bag. This wallet is to be made of stout brown holland. I need hardly explain that a wallet is a piece of cloth folded at the two ends so as to make two pockets and leave a space in the centre. The size must be regulated, first, by what will go into the pockets, and, secondly, by the size of your black bag.

You will have to select and consider, and bring desires and possibilities into harmonious relations. This will be easily done when I tell you that each pocket is to contain what I shall call *a roll*. The pattern of a miniature roll you may see by folding one side of half a sheet of note paper, from top to bottom, so as to leave one-third of the width uncovered. Suppose this made of a wide and narrow piece of brown holland. Push under the narrow piece, a brush, a comb, a penknife, and stitch down between each article; then bind the two upper edges together. The narrow strip will have to be plaited down to the flat piece wherever it is used to confine a bulky article. Bind the single edges and the two ends. In this manner the two rolls are to be made; and here I shall give you a list of the articles which these rolls are to contain. Each is to have its separate pocket, and each pocket is to be distinguished by the name of the contents, written in legible characters with marking-ink. I consider this necessary. If you do not do it, you will place the contents differently every morning, and lose time, and suffer the agonies of fear lest they have been left behind when you open your rolls in the evening.

As the anti-bandbox idea is not one of self-denial and discomfort, I strongly advise you not to leave out any one of the articles in the list I give to you. Your first roll must contain:—

Brush.
Comb.
Hair-pins.
Tooth-brush, in a waterproof bag of its own.
Hair oil, in a bottle with a wooden case.
Pins and pincushion.
Scissors, in a case,
Pencil.
Penknife.
Teaspoon.
Tin, with tooth-powder.
Soap, in a box.
Curl-paper.
Matches, in a safety box.
Card-case, with your name and full address on some of the cards.

Such are to be the contents of your first roll.

On the long side of the roll which is not pocketed there should be plaited a loose piece of brown holland to lie all the length over the pockets, so as to prevent anything falling out after the whole is rolled together. The roll is to be tied with ribbon too wide to get into a knot,

Your second roll is now to be filled in this way:

Slippers—one at each end.
Night lights, in a canister.

Pocket handkerchiefs, tied light in a roll.

Clothes brush.

Small towel—this is for cleaning your dress.

Court-plaster.

Laces.

Paper-knife.

Soda, in a canister—for cleaning brushes.

Hair wash, in a bottle with a wooden case.

Needle-book, and a small roll of woman's work ; easy embroidery is always pleasant to do, and useful when done ; thimble, a packet of buttons, thread, tape and string.

These things complete the second roll, which is to be tied up like the first, and your wallet pockets must be made of a size to hold them easily.

The centre space of your wallet must be of a size to allow of a writing-case being laid upon it. A double piece of cardboard you must place on the writing-case, and within that you must lay neatly clean cuffs and collars. Folded loosely in a printed, calico case, you must take your necessary linen and dressing-jacket. Put this into one division of your black bag, and put your wallet into the other. It will be neither too large nor too heavy for you to carry it in your hand if necessary or convenient, and its contents are what you will find sufficient. A spare pair of boots of the sort that does not require blacking must travel in a bag of their own—first folding them in paper—on that side of your black bag which contains your linen. The use of the paper prevents any dis agreeable scent of leather penetrating the printed calico case. Thus accommodated, you need not open your travelling-boxes for the length of a considerable journey. If you should stay long enough in any hotel to have linen washed, you might travel for weeks, with no more than I have catalogued. You must have your cloak and shawl leathered up with the buckled straps made for that purpose. If you choose, you can take calico cases containing linen, clean and in use, with your cloaks, all buckled up together. Your wallet will serve you as an admirable dressing-box during your whole period of absence, On your journey, you spread out your rolls, take what you want out of the pockets, and encounter no risk from stray articles running off into unexpected retreats—into out-of-the-way corners, and under the bed, a strangely favorite place with refractory runaways. The order and tidiness which are insured by the use of the anti-band-box wallet, allows of all necessary articles travelling with us, and almost makes it impossible to leave anything behind."

A modification of the "Anti-Band-box" plan would be to eliminate the black bag, make the wallet of waterproof, and strap it up with the shawl. This plan economizes weight, and reduces two packages to one.

A Boston lady has recently invented a costume which she claims will simplify travelling arrangements to the last degree. She has patented a waterproof with "weather protector." This is a long cloak with sleeves and hood and a flounce ; to this an inside skirt is attached at the bottom, which last is fastened inside the other skirts and thus a bag is formed in which the skirts are kept perfectly dry, all puffiness arising from unequal lengths being concealed by the flounce. The garment is thus described in her circular :—

"Mrs. Flynt has invented the only perfect Weather Protector, enabling a lady to walk for hours in a storm, through mud and water, without an umbrella, and find, on removing the garment, her clothing, also bottom of dress and skirts, as clean and dry as when she left the house. This garment may be worn like an ordinary waterproof when only required for an outer covering ; in which case, the bottom and inside skirt-protection are to

be buttoned firmly inside of the garment, near the belt. If a lady wishes to adjust the Weather Protector for a rainy day, she will button up the inside lining from the bottom, then, dropping it upon the floor, place her feet inside the opening at the top, drawing the lining up, and fastening it around the waist, placing her arms in the sleeves, Her skirts are between the lining and outside of the garment, as indeed they could be nowhere else, and are perfectly secure from mud and mire. The flounce conceals any puffiness that might result from haste in dressing, or from the length of the skirts; while the graceful hood, drawn over the hat or bonnet, permits the wearer to walk along without an umbrella, regardless of rain or snow. The eight pockets which the garment contains win the hearts of all; for what woman has not envied the numerous pockets of the masculine attire?

Mrs. Flynt has also invented an improved Skirt, an invaluable acquisition to every lady's wardrobe, and precisely what is wanted for the Centennial trip, —to be worn when the weather is fine, and the walking damp and dirty. It is a comely garment, also containing eight pockets, provided with an agreeable shoulder support, which sustains admirably not its own weight alone, but also the skirts it contains and the contents of the pockets. It is adjustable over a long, fully trimmed skirt, and under the petticoats usually worn. But a moment is required for its adjustment, which, when effected, protects its fortunate wearer from all dirt and dampness. A deep overskirt and sack, or a long polonaise, may be worn over it, and no hint given, from the outward appearance, of what it conceals and protects so perfectly. In this garment, a lady may walk in the most violent wind with all the ease and freedom of motion desirable. If overtaken by rain, the overskirt can be quickly thrust inside, and, donning the Gossamer Rubber Fabric wrap and hood, which, perhaps, the wise and prudent wearer has placed in one of the capacious pockets before starting out, the whole figure, as well as bottom and inside of skirts, is protected, and able to defy the storm without inconveniencing either herself or her escort.

The above garments may be made of English or American Waterproof Cloth with Gossamer Rubber Fabric Protector, or of Gossamer Rubber solely.

To travellers, these garments commend themselves at once; to business-women and to school-girls they are of incalculable value,—in short, no woman who regards health and comfort will consider her wardrobe complete without this valuable accessory.

Linen dusters made upon the same principle are of indescribable comfort to tourists, as, in a trip of a week or ten days, but one dress, comely in length, need be taken, which is held up by the inside protection, and shielded by the outside from all dirt. With the accessories for the journey in its capacious pockets, provided with the Weather Protector, and with shawl rolled and strapped, the traveller is relieved of the inconveniences attendant upon journeying. On arrival at the hotel there is no delay on account of the baggage. The duster removed, with a few moments' attention to the toilet, she is ready, with her escort, for the parlor or dining-room, with much saving of time and weariness."

This sounds very well, but, so far as our climate is concerned, there are very few days in the year when such a waterproof would be of any great benefit. If the skirts are sufficiently shortened the usual wrap affords abundant protection. For travelling, the linen duster would, of course, protect the dress from dust and accidents, and this arrangement would probably prove, in many cases, very desirable.

It is, at all events, well that people are experimenting in the line of simpli-

city and comfort, which, combined, generally mean health, if people would only recognize the fact. One other point we must take up. Much of the comfort or discomfort of travelling will depend upon the boots. Be sure before you start that the soles of your boots are long enough and wide enough, and have no pegs in them, that the heels are low and broad, and that the uppers will not take too long to button. Give time and attention to all these matters before starting, so that you may be able to thoroughly enjoy what every person should if possible have—a summer trip.

"I'M HURRIED, CHILD!"

BY EMMA BURT.

"O MOTHER, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There was no butter! Oh, do see its wings!
I never, never saw so pretty things—
All streaked and striped, with blue and brown and gold.
Where is its house when all the days are cold?"
"Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
An' when she thought, you had gone down the stairs;
An' dolly was afraid, an' so I said:
'Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.'
When dolls are 'fraid, do you s'pose He can hear?"
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled,
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky
The sun has left; and *won't* you, by-and-by,
Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell
Me all about the pussy in the well?
Then tell me of the babies in the wood?
An' then, perhaps, about Red Riding Hood?"
"Too much to do! Hush, hush, you drive me wild;
I'm hurried, child!"

"O MOTHER, LOOK!"

The little one grew very quiet now;
And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow,
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are little-er than I,
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A bigger clock! Oh, big as it can be,
For you and me!"

The mother now has leisure infinite.
She sits with folded hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill.
She sits at leisure, questioning of God's will.

"SHE SITS WITH FOLDED ARMS."

"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night!
Is Heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge my light?
O Life! O God! I must discover why
Time moves so slowly by."

O mothers sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss thy right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questionings you are
But entertaining angels unaware.
The richest gifts are gathered by the way,
For darkest day.

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

OBJECT-LESSONS.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Following the necessary law of progression from the simple to the complex, we should provide for the infant a sufficiency of objects presenting different degrees and kinds of resistance, a sufficiency of objects reflecting different amounts and qualities of light, and a sufficiency of sounds contrasted in their loudness, their pitch and their *timbre*. How fully this *à priori* conclusion is confirmed by infantile instincts all will see on being reminded of the delight which every young child has in biting its toys, in feeling its brother's bright jacket-buttons, and pulling papa's whiskers—how absorbed it becomes in gazing at any gaudily painted object, to which it applies the word "pretty," when it can pronounce it, wholly in virtue of the bright colors—and how its face broadens into a laugh at the tattlings of its nurse, the snapping of a visitor's fingers, or any sound which it has not before heard. Fortunately, the ordinary practices of the nursery fulfil these early requirements of education to a considerable degree. Much, however, remains to be done; and it is of more importance that it should be done than at first appears. Every faculty during the period of its greatest activity—the period in which it is spontaneously evolving itself—is capable of receiving more vivid impressions than at any other period. Moreover, as these simplest elements must eventually be mastered, and as the mastery of them whenever achieved must take time, it becomes an economy of time to occupy this first stage of childhood, during which no other intellectual action is possible, in gaining a complete familiarity with them in all their modifications. Add to which, that both temper and health will be improved by the continual gratification resulting from a due supply of these impressions which every child so greedily assimilates.

Passing on to object-lessons, which manifestly form a natural continuation of this primary culture of the senses, it is to be remarked that the system commonly pursued is wholly at variance with the method of nature, as alike exhibited in infancy, in adult life, and in the course of civilization. "The child," says M. Marcel, "must be *shown* how all the parts of an object are connected," &c.; and the various manuals of these object-lessons severally contain lists of the facts which the child is to be *told* respecting each of the things put before it. Now it needs but a glance at the daily life of the infant to see that all the knowledge of things which is gained before the acquirement of speech, is self-gained—that the qualities of hardness and weight associated with certain visual appearances, the possession of particular forms and colors by particular persons, the production of special sounds by animals of special aspects, are phenomena which it observes for itself. In manhood, too, when there are no longer teachers at hand, the observations and inferences required for daily guidance must be made unhelped; and success in life depends upon the accuracy and completeness with which they are made. It is probable, then, that while the process displayed in the evolution of humanity at large, is repeated alike by the infant and the man, a reverse process must be followed during the period between infancy and manhood? and that, too, even in so simple a thing as learning

the properties of objects? Is it not obvious, on the contrary, that one method must be pursued throughout? And is not nature perpetually thrusting this method upon us, if we had but the wit to see it, and the humility to adopt it? What can be more manifest than the desire of children for intellectual sympathy? Mark how the infant sitting on your knee thrusts into your face the toy it holds, that you too may look at it. See when it makes a creak with its wet finger on the table, how it turns and looks at you; does it again, and again looks at you; thus saying as clearly as it can—"Hear this new sound." Watch how the elder children come into the room exclaiming—"Mamma, see what a curious thing," "Mamma look at this," "Mamma, look at that;" and would continue the habit, did not the silly mamma tell them not to tease her. Observe how, when out with the nursemaid, each little one runs up to her with the new flower it has gathered, to show her how pretty it is, and to get her also to say it is pretty. Listen to the eager volubility with which every urchin describes any novelty he has been to see, if only he can find some one who will attend with any interest. Does not the induction lie on the surface? Is it not clear that we must conform our course to these intellectual instincts—that we must just systematize the natural process—that we must listen to all the child has to tell us about each object, must induce it to say everything it can think of about such object; must occasionally draw its attention to facts it has not yet observed, with the view of leading it to notice them itself whenever they recur, and must go on by and by to indicate or supply new series of things for a like exhaustive examination? See the way in which, on this method, the intelligent mother conducts her lessons. Step by step she familiarizes her little boy with the names of the simpler attributes, hardness, softness, color, taste, size, &c., in doing which she finds him eagerly help by bringing this to show her that it is red, and the other to make her feel that it is hard, as fast as she gives him words for these properties. Each additional property, as she draws his attention to it in some fresh thing which he brings her, she takes care to mention in connection with those he already knows; so that by the natural tendency to imitate, he may get into the habit of repeating them one after another. Gradually as there occur cases in which he omits to name one or more of the properties he has become acquainted with, she introduces the practice of asking him whether there is not something more that he can tell her about the thing he has got. Probably he does not understand. After letting him puzzle awhile, she tells him; perhaps laughing at him a little for his failure. A few recurrences of this and he perceives what is to be done. When next she says she knows something more about the object than he has told her, his pride is roused; he looks at it intently; he thinks over all that he has heard; and the problem being easy, presently finds it out. He is full of glee at his success, and she sympathizes with him. In common with every child, he delights in the discovery of his powers. He wishes for more victories, and goes in quest of more things about which to tell her. As his faculties unfold, she adds quality after quality to his list: progressing from hardness and softness to roughness and smoothness, from color to polish, from simple bodies to composite ones—thus constantly complicating the problem as he gains competence, constantly taxing his attention and memory to a greater extent, constantly maintaining his interest by supplying him with new impressions such as his mind can assimilate, and constantly gratifying him by conquests over such small difficulties as he can master. In doing this she is manifestly but following out that spontaneous process that was going on during a still earlier period—simply aiding self-evolution; and is aiding it in the mode suggested by the boy's instinctive behavior to her. Manifestly, too, the

course she is pursuing is the one best calculated to establish a habit of exhaustive observation; which is the professed aim of these lessons. To *tell* a child this and to *show* it the other, is not to teach it how to observe, but to make it a mere recipient of another's observations: a proceeding which weakens rather than strengthens its powers of self-instruction—which deprives it of the pleasures resulting from successful activity—which presents this all-attractive knowledge under the aspect of formal tuition—and which thus generates that indifference and even disgust with which these object-lessons are not unfrequently regarded. On the other hand, to pursue the course above described is simply to guide the intellect to its appropriate food; to join with the intellectual appetites their natural adjuncts—*amour propre* and the desire for sympathy; to induce by the union of all these an intensity of attention which insures perceptions alike vivid and complete; and to habituate the mind from the beginning to that practice of self-help which it must ultimately follow.

Object-lessons should not only be carried on after quite a different fashion from that commonly pursued, but should be extended to a range of things far wider, and continue to a period far later, than now. They should not be limited to the contents of the house; but should include those of the fields and the hedges, the quarry and the sea-shore. They should not cease with early childhood; but should be so kept up during youth as insensibly to merge into the investigations of the naturalist and the man of science. Here again we have but to follow nature's leadings. Where can be seen an intenser delight than that of children picking up new flowers and watching new insects, or hoarding pebbles and shells? And who is there but perceives that by sympathizing with them they may be led on to any extent of enquiry into the qualities and structures of these things? Every botanist who has had children with him in the woods and the lanes must have noticed how eagerly they joined in his pursuits, how keenly they searched out plants for him, how intently they watched whilst he examined them, how they overwhelmed him with questions. The consistent follower of Bacon—the "servant and interpreter of nature," will see that we ought modestly to adopt the course of culture thus indicated. Having gained due familiarity with the simpler properties of inorganic objects, the child should by the same process be led on to a like exhaustive examination of the things it picks up in its daily walks—the less complex facts they present being alone noticed at first: in plants, the color, number, and forms of the petals and shapes of the stalks and leaves: in insects, the numbers of the wings, legs, and antennæ, and their colors. As these become fully appreciated and invariably observed, further facts may be successively introduced: in the one case, the numbers of stamens and pistils, the forms of the flowers, whether radial or bilateral in symmetry, the arrangement and character of the leaves, whether opposite or alternate, stalked or sessile, smooth or hairy, serrated, toothed, or crenate; in the other, the divisions of the body, the segments of the abdomen, the markings of the wings, the number of joints in the legs, and the forms of the smaller organs—the system pursued throughout being that of making it the child's ambition to say respecting everything it finds, all that can be said. Then when a fit age has been reached, the means of preserving these plants which have become so interesting in virtue of the knowledge obtained of them, may as a great favor be supplied; and eventually, as a still greater favor, may also be supplied the apparatus needful for keeping the larvæ of our common butterflies and moths through their transformations — a practice which, as we can personally testify, yields the highest gratification; is continued with ardor for years; when joined with the formation of an entomological collection, adds im-

mense interest to Saturday-afternoon rambles; and forms an admirable introduction to the study of physiology.

We are quite prepared to hear from many that all this is throwing away time and energy; and that children would be much better occupied in writing their copies or learning their pence-tables, and so fitting themselves for the business of life. We regret that such crude ideas of what constitutes education and such a narrow conception of utility, should still be generally prevalent. Saying nothing on the need for a systematic culture of the perceptions and the value of the practices above inculcated as subserving that need, we are prepared to defend them even on the score of the knowledge gained. If men are to be mere cits, mere porers over ledgers, with no ideas beyond their trades—if it is well that they should be as the cockney whose conception of rural pleasures extends no further than sitting in a tea-garden smoking pipes and drinking porter; or as the squire who thinks of woods as places for shooting in, of uncultivated plants as nothing but weeds, and who classifies animals into game, vermin, and stock—then indeed it is needless for men to learn anything that does not directly help to replenish the till and fill the larder. But if there is a more worthy aim for us than to be drudges—if there are other uses in the things around us than their power to bring money—if there are higher faculties to be exercised than acquisitive and sensual ones—if the pleasures which poetry and art and science and philosophy can bring are of any moment—then is it desirable that the instinctive inclination which every child shows to observe natural beauties and investigate natural phenomena should be encouraged.—*From "Education: Intellectual, Moral and Physical."*

PHANTOM BOUQUETS.

Though but little known until the past six years, this art is not a new one; which statement will doubtless prove a surprise to many of our readers. Yet, as early as the year 1645, an anatomist in Naples published a figure of a skeleton leaf, which, even in that day, created great interest and curiosity; and many attempts were ineffectually made to discover the secret, which, upon the death of the artist, was for the time entirely lost.

About seventy years after, however, a Dutch anatomist turned his attention to the subject, and, having obtained skeletons of animals by allowing insects to eat away the flesh until only the frame was left, he made an attempt to obtain vegetable or leaf skeletons in the safe way, but, of course, failed. He then tried other methods, and finally succeeded in procuring some specimens by maceration, which were so beautiful that others began to experiment, in order to discover his secret; which, finding he could no longer keep hidden, he finally published in 1727; and this is the old method (and perhaps best one) which we now use. We will give this process first, both on account of its age, and also because it is the safest and most likely to prove successful.

The leaves, when gathered, should be at once laid between the leaves of a book; and, as soon as possible after, subjected to a certain amount of pressure. A large number of leaves should be gathered in preference to a few, and care must be taken to select those that are quite perfect, as, unless the specimens are perfect, the result

will not be satisfactory; indeed, such care is necessary in this particular, that, even a scratch or broken edge, or a blotch or small perforation, will render the skeleton imperfect. The leaves must also be well matured (young leaves should be, with few exceptions, entirely rejected), and they should be picked from the lower part of the branch, not at the top, where they are not perfectly developed. Notice, too, whether, from the effects of the sun and wind, the edges are curled or otherwise imperfect; and those that have a tough, leathery texture will not answer. A good plan for determining the state of a leaf is to hold it up to the light, when a defect is very readily seen. Evergreens are good, and may be picked late in the autumn, though due regard must be had to the age of the leaf. It is almost impossible to give a list of leaves available for this purpose, as the number is "legion." We will suggest a few, however, and beyond that, the woods, fields, gardens, and green-houses will constantly afford fresh subjects. All poplar leaves may be said to be easy to make; the silver poplar is especially so; the aspen, also. The apple and pear of the orchard, the crab-apple of the woods, and the various ivies, are as beautitul as easy. The willow requires some care, as it is very delicate; gathered early, it decays quickly. The maple, another exceedingly beautiful leaf, must be gathered young, and carefully macerated; watching it closely, and cleaning with a stiff brush and the tapping motion. The Camellia, Orange, and Lemon, Abutilon, Wisteria, and some Rose leaves, form a fine addition; also, Holly, Lilac, and Honeysuckle. Various seed-vessels are extremely beautiful, and easily prepared; but they must be treated by themselves. The Stramonium, Garden Poppy, Winter Cherries, Thorn Apple, the Wild Poppy, Canterbury Bell, the Columbine, African Hibiscus, etc., are all lovely, when well prepared and gracefully arranged.

Scotch Grass and Ferns, and many of our wild, as well as cultivated grasses, Ferns and Lycopodiums, when bleached (after growing brown in the fall), are lovely. Take, also, brown, dry, and well-formed twigs, and branches of delicate trees, and bleach them perfectly white, as additions to some of the stemless leaves, and seed-vessels.

Another charming addition to such a collection is a quantity of thistle-down, which must be gathered into little bunches, and placed within a clover-leaf; first touching the base with a drop of size or paste, and fastening the leaves around. Another object which produces a light and fine effect are those seed-vessels, which contain downy seed, and are of small size; such as the Lettuce, Cacalia, and many other garden and wild flowers, which may be secured before the seed is carried away by the wind. After gathering, either paint with flake-white, or bleach by applying chloride of lime with a brush, and then rinsing The collections of all the various specimens having been made, next proceed to macerate the leaves, by placing them in an open vessel,—a tub or pan, or other convenient receptacle, covering several inches above the leaves with rain water, and placing in the open air and full sunlight. Place a pane or two of glass, or a light china plate over them, with a weight sufficient to keep them well down in the water, the loss of which by evaporation, must be made up, by adding a new supply from time to time, as required. In about two weeks they may be examined, and, if any are found soft and pulpy, these must be removed. After this, those that remain should be examined once or twice a week, removing the soft ones each time, and proceeding to cleanse them. This is the most unpleasant part of the entire operation, inasmuch as when the water is disturbed for the purpose of examination, the odor of the decaying vegetable matter is most unpleasant, and the leaves themselves are absolutely so disgusting in their filthy sliminess, that if it were not for the exquisitely beautiful results to be accomplished

by persevering in this unpleasant operation, one would determine at once to "have done with it." But it is so well worth all the disagreeable parts of the experiment to possess in the end a collection of those gossamer leaves, that we feel "in duty bound" to urge upon our readers the importance of persevering in this work, which, we can assure them, they will never regret. After arriving at this stage of the proceeding, the finding the leaf in a pulpy condition, it is to be removed to a vessel or basin of clear water, which should be done most carefully, to prevent breaking or marring them, and this is best accomplished by slipping a card beneath the leaf, and causing it to float upon it, by leaning the vessel to one side, and inducing the leaf to float to the deepest part of the water, when it may be easily rested upon the card, and thus removed. Then, when immersed in the basin of clear water, it will float off uninjured. Without using this precaution, the typo, in the art of skeletonizing, will be almost certain to allow the leaves to break by their own weight.

The cleaning part of the operation now commences, for which two or three brushes and a sharp-pointed knife are necessary; a soft, but thick camel's hair brush, a stiff bristle brush, and a tooth brush. A leaf is lifted out of the water upon a card, and slid off upon a piece of smooth glass, or, perhaps, floated directly upon the glass; then, with the soft brush gently passed over the surface, all the pulp is removed, aiding the brushing with a stream of water, poured carefully over. Slip the leaf again into the water, turn it, and again float upon the glass, cleaning the opposite side in the same manner. The green surface must be entirely removed, until nothing but the skeleton of fibrous veins remain. If this is not accomplished by using merely the soft brush, the stiffer one, or the tooth brush must be applied; and in case of some strong leaves, a sort of gentle *scrubbing* becomes necessary, and does not injure the texture of the skeleton, but this is rare. The motion used in cleaning must not be a sweeping one, but rather a downward tapping, which breaks up the connection of the epidermis, without destroying the fibres. As the leaves are cleaned, they must be immersed in another basin of clear water, and left until the remainder are all cleansed, or until a convenient season arrives for bleaching them. This, however, should be done as soon after the cleansing as possible.

Some experienced operators prefer the "Quick Method," as it is called, of preparing these skeleton leaves. This consists in using a caustic to destroy the epidermis of the leaf, and is used thus: Dissolve four ounces of sal-soda in one quart of boiling water, adding two ounces of air-slacked quick-lime, and boiling fifteen or twenty minutes. Allow this to cool, and, straining off the clear liquid, boil it again, and add the leaves, continuing to boil briskly for an hour or more, adding boiling water if required. Remove a leaf, and put it into a vessel of water, rubbing it gently with the fingers; if the epidermis and parenchyma separate easily, the remainder of the leaves may be removed; but if not, the boiling in the lye must be still further continued.

By either process, the leaves are now ready for the bleaching, which is done in various ways The best, perhaps, is with a solution of chloride of lime, and immersing them, for a day or two, in a covered glass dish, placed in a dark closet, covering closely with a folded towel. The solution of chloride of lime is made with one table-spoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water, adding in a few grains of citric acid, shaking well, until entirely dissolved, then decanting the clear liquid, and bottling for use.

Some experienced operators prefer using chloride of soda as a finer preparation. Any scientific druggist will be able to prepare a fine solution of this, but for those who have not the opportunity of obtaining the article already prepared, we give the formula,

as furnished us by a practical and successful pharmaceutist: Obtain twelve ounces of carbonate of soda, chlorinated lime six ounces, water three quarts; dissolve the soda in a pint and a half of water, with the aid of heat; triturate the lime gradually with water, until a smooth, creamy liquid is formed; into this stir the remainder of the water, and put aside for twelve hours, until perfectly settled.

The following day, pour off the clear liquid, and turn the residue into a muslin bag to drain, adding a little water from time to time. When sufficient liquid has passed off to make altogether two quarts, mix with it the solution of carbonate of soda, stirring it until thoroughly blended. Transfer this mixture to a funnel, lined with paper, and allow it to drain until five pints of liquid have percolated through the paper. Pour this into an opaque bottle, which keep tightly corked.

When using this bleaching fluid, which is extremely powerful, it should be diluted with from three to six times

Group of Skeleton Leaves for a Glass Shade

the quantity of water (soft), according to the texture of the leaves to be bleached.

After bleaching the leaves, by either process, they should be placed in a vessel of clear, cool water, for twenty-four hours, floated off upon a card, and turned over upon a soft napkin, gently pressed with some old soft linen, until all moisture is absorbed, and then curled gracefully, or pressed between the leaves of an old book, under pressure. They are now sufficiently strong to bear handling, with ordinary care, and can be arranged to suit the taste, either on a stand under a glass shade, or in a deep recess frame. In case the latter mode is adopted, the recess should be lined with dark-colored velvet. A black cross, covered with these leaves, is a lovely object; a beautiful arrangement of these leaves, seed-vessels, etc., are shown in the illustration; and it is very beautiful at the base of a cross, or in a frame. In the former, a delicate vine of Ivy should extend from it up over the body and arms of the cross.

We would observe, before closing, that leaves containing tannin should never be placed with others. The Oak, Hazel, and many others, are of this class. A method sometimes adopted with some of this class, the oak especially, is to place a number of the caddis worms with them, which eat away all the soft green part of the leaf, leaving the skeleton entire.

Holly leaves are beautiful, but must be also prepared alone, on account of the spines. Ferns and fine grasses are very difficult to arrange, as their feathery fronds are liable to curl, and must be most carefully coaxed into position. The best mode of accomplishing this part of the business, is to float the leaves off upon pieces of card; then, while damp, with a needle and camel's-hair brush, so arrange each tiny leaflet, placing the sprays in natural position, and so distributing the various fronds that they form graceful and natural groups. Then lay them under folds of soft paper, pressing gently upon the surface, to extract the moisture; as soon as sufficiently dry, lay each card between sheets of tissue-paper, place newspapers over and under, and place under weights. This is a good method of drying any fine leaves.

When dry, the papers may be removed by pressing upon the under side, and raising the edges with the point of a knife.

Clover-leaves, of various sizes, will be found to form beautiful bells, imitating Lily of the Valley, by fastening the edges together with a white stamen in the centre. Very small ones are necessary for this purpose. The large ones, used singly, may be made to appear like Lilies, Campanula, etc.

The long feather-like grasses, when bleached, are a fine addition to these bouquets, and, by placing parts of them as centres, with certain small leaves around, very many varieties of flowers and buds can be imitated, that will prove extremely effective.—*From "Household Elegancies."*

ICE-CREAM AND OTHER ICES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

If you wish to prepare ice-cream at an hour's notice, you cannot do better than to purchase the best patent freezer you can procure. I had one once which would freeze cream admirably in half an hour. I have forgotten the patentee's name, and perhaps this is well for him, since truth would oblige me to record an unlucky habit his machine had of getting out of order just when I wanted it to do its best. My earliest recollections of ice-cream are of the discordant grinding of the well-worn freezer among the blocks of ice packed about it—a monotone of misery, that, had it been unrelieved by agreeable associations of the good to which it was "leading up," would not have been tolerated out of Bedlam. For one, two, three, sometimes four hours, it went on without other variety than the harsher sounds of the fresh ice and the rattling "swash" as the freezer plunged amid the icy brine when these were nearly melted; without cessation, save when the unhappy operator nodded over his work, or was relieved by another predestined victim of luxury and ennui—a battalion of the laziest juveniles upon the place being detailed for this purpose. I verily believed in those days that the freezing could not be facilitated by energetic action, and used to think how fortunate it was that small darkeys had a predilection for this drowsy employment. I shall never forget my amazement at seeing a brisk Yankee housewife lay hold of the handle of the ponderous tin cylinder, and whirl it with such will and celerity, back and forth, back and forth, that the desired end came to pass in three-quarters of an hour.

That day has gone by. Time has grown too precious now even to juvenile contrabands for them to sit half the day shaking a freezer under the locust-trees on the old plantation lawn. Machines that will do the work in one-tenth of the time, with one-fiftieth of the labor, are sold at every corner. But, so far as I know, it was reserved for a nice old lady up in the "Jersey" mountains—the tidiest, thriftiest, most cheerful bee I ever knew—to show her neighbors and acquaintances that ice-cream could be made to freeze itself. For five or six years I have practised her method, with such thankfulness to her, and such satisfaction to my guests and family, that I eagerly embrace the opportunity of circulating the good news.

SELF-FREEZING ICE-CREAM.—1 quart rich milk, 3 eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately and very light, 4 cups sugar, 3 pints rich sweet cream, 5 teaspoonfuls vanilla or other seasoning, or 1 vanilla bean, broken in two, boiled in the custard, and left in until it is cold.

Heat the *milk* almost to boiling, beat the yolks light, add the sugar, and stir up well. Pour the hot milk to this, little by little, beating all the while; put in the frothed whites, and return to the fire—boiling in a pail or saucepan set within one of hot water. Stir the mixture steadily about fifteen minutes, or until it is thick as boiled custard. Pour into a bowl and set aside to cool. When quite cold, beat in the cream, and the flavoring, unless you have used the bean.

Have ready a quantity of ice, cracked in pieces not larger than a pigeon egg

—the smaller the better. You can manage this easily by laying a great lump of ice between two folds of coarse sacking or an old carpet, tucking it in snugly, and battering it, through the cloth, with a sledge-hammer or mallet until fine enough. There is no waste of ice, nor need you take it in your hands at all—only gather up the corners of the carpet or cloth, and slide as much as you want into the outer vessel. Use an ordinary old-fashioned upright freezer, set in a deep pail; pack around it closely, first a layer of pounded ice, then one of rock salt—*common salt will not do.* In this order fill the pail; but before covering the freezer-lid, remove it carefully, that none of the salt may get in, and, with a long wooden ladle or flat stick (I had one made on purpose), beat the custard as you would batter, for five minutes, without stay or stint. Replace the lid, pack the ice and salt upon it, patting it down hard on top; cover all with several folds of blanket or carpet, and leave it for one hour. Then remove the cover of the freezer, when you have wiped it carefully outside. You will find within a thick coating of frozen custard upon the bottom and sides. Dislodge this with your ladle, which should be thin at the lower end, or with a long carving-knife, working every particle of it clear. Beat again hard and long until the custard is a smooth, half-congealed paste. The smoothness of the ice-cream depends upon your action at this juncture. Put on the cover, pack in more ice and salt, and turn off the brine. Spread the double carpet over all once more, having buried the freezer out of sight in ice, and leave it for three or four hours. Then if the water has accumulated in such quantity as to buoy up the freezer, pour it off, fill up with ice and salt, but do not open the freezer. In two hours more, you may take it from the ice; open it, wrap a towel, wrung out in boiling water, about the lower part, and turn out a solid column of cream, firm, close-grained, and smooth as velvet to the tongue.

Should the ice melt very fast, you may have to turn off the water more than twice; but this will seldom happen, except in very hot weather. You need not devote fifteen minutes in all to the business after the custard is made. You may go into the cellar before breakfast, having made the custard overnight, stir in the cold cream and flavoring, get it into the freezer and comfortably packed down before John is through shaving, and by choosing the times for your stolen visits to the lower regions, surprise him and the children at a one-o'clock dinner by the most delicious dessert in the world. I have often laughed in my sleeve at seeing *my* John walk through the cellar in search of some mislaid basket or box, whistling carelessly, without a suspicion that his favorite delicacy was coolly working out its own solidification under the inverted barrel on which I chanced to be leaning at his entrance.

Any of the following receipts for *custard* ice-cream may be frozen in like manner. Do not spare salt, be sure your ice is finely cracked, and after the second beating do not let the air again into the freezer. If you cannot get dry rock salt, that which settles at the bottom of fish-barrels will do as well. Keep the freezer hidden, from first to last, by the ice heaped over, it except when you have to lift the lid on the occasions I have specified.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM.—1 quart of cream, 1 pint new milk, 2 cups sugar, 2 eggs beaten very light, 5 tablespoonfuls chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk.

Heat the milk almost to boiling, and pour, by degrees, in with the beaten egg and sugar. Stir in the chocolate, beat well three minutes, and return to the inner kettle. Heat until it thickens well, stirring constantly; take

from the fire and set aside to cool. Many think a little vanilla an improvement. When the custard is cold, beat in the cream. Freeze.

ALMOND ICE-CREAM.—3 oz. sweet almonds and 1 oz. of bitter, blanched, and, when cold, pounded to a paste, a few at a time, in a wedgewood mortar, adding two tablespoonfuls of rosewater to prevent oiling, 3 pints cream—fresh and sweet,—nearly 2 cups of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of arrowroot ; wet with cold milk.

Beat one pint cream almost to boiling, add the sugar, and when this is melted, the almonds. Simmer ten minutes, stirring often, remove from the fire, and let all stand together ten minutes longer in a covered vessel. Strain out the cream, pressing the bag hard to get the full flavor of the almonds, return to the inner saucepan, and stir in the arrowroot until the cream thickens—say five minutes. When cold, beat very light with an egg-whip, adding gradually the rest of the cream. It should be light in half an hour. Then freeze.

If you wish to mould your creams in fancy shapes, open your freezer two hours after the second stirring, and transfer the cream to a tight mould, having given it a third vigorous beating. Pack this down in ice and salt, and let it stand two hours longer than you would have done had it remained in the freezer.

COFFEE ICE-CREAM.—3 pints of cream, 1 cup of black coffee—very strong and clear, 2 cups of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls arrowroot ; wet with cold milk.

Heat half the cream nearly to boiling, stir in the sugar, and, when this is melted, the coffee ; then the arrowroot. Boil all together five minutes, stirring constantly. When cold, beat up very light, whipping in the rest of the cream by degrees. Then freeze.

I cannot say certainly that this can be frozen without turning, although I see no reason why it should not, since the arrowroot gives it the consistency of custard.

LEMON ICE-CREAM.—1 quart of cream, 2 lemons, the juice of one and the grated peel of one and-a-half, 2 cups of sugar.

Sweeten the cream, beat the lemon gradually into it, and put at once into the freezer. Freeze rapidly in a patent freezer, or the acid is apt to turn the milk.

You may make orange ice-cream in the same way.

FROZEN CUSTARD WITH THE FRUIT FROZEN IN.—1 quart milk, 1 quart cream, 6 eggs, and 3 cups of sugar beaten up with the yolks, 1 pint fresh peaches, cut up small, or fresh ripe berries.

Heat the quart of milk almost to boiling, and add gradually to the beaten yolks and sugar. Whip in the frothed whites, return to the custard-kettle, and stir until it is a thick, soft custard. Let it get perfectly cold, beat in the cream and freeze. If you let it freeze itself, stir in the fruit after the second beating; if you turn the freezer, when the custard is like congealed mush.

LEMON ICE.—6 lemons—juice of all, and grated peel of three, 1 large sweet orange—juice and rind, 1 pint of water, 1 pint of sugar.

Squeeze out every drop of juice, and steep in it the rind of the orange and lemons one hour. Strain, squeezing the bag dry ; mix in the sugar, and then the water. Stir until dissolved, and freeze by turning in a freezer—opening three times to beat all up together.

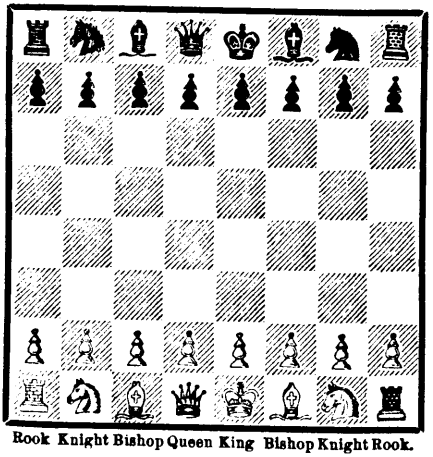
ORANGE ICE.—6 oranges—juice of all, and grated peel of three, 2 lemons —the juice only, 1 pint of sugar dissolved in 1 pint of water.

Prepare and freeze as you would lemon ice.

CHESS.

We intend in future to devote a small portion of each number to chess, and we invite communications on the subject from our readers. The best way for beginners to learn the game is to take lessons over the board from a friend who understands it. For those who may not have this opportunity, we give the following simple directions :—

BLACK.



Rook Knight Bishop Queen King Bishop Knight Rook.

WHITE.

The game is played by two persons on a board of sixty-four squares, with thirty-two men—sixteen black and sixteen white—which at the commencement of the game are placed as in the above diagram.

The King :—The King is the most important piece on the board, as his capture involves the loss of the game. He moves only one square at a time, but in any direction—forward, backward, sidewise or diagonally.

The Queen :—The Queen moves in any direction as far as the board will allow, provided no other piece or pawn interrupts her course.

The Rook :—The Rook moves any distance forward, backward, or sidewise, as far as the way is clear, but not diagonally.

The Bishop :—The Bishop moves any distance, but only diagonally. Each Bishop always keeps its own color.

The Knight :—The Knight is an erratic piece. It moves one square in a straight line either forward, backward, or sidewise—and one square in a diagonal direction. Thus, it always moves to a different color. It alone has the privilege of leaping over another piece or pawn.

The Pawns :—The Pawn moves only forward, and only one square at a time, except on its first move, when it may move two squares. In capturing an adverse man, it moves diagonally, like a Bishop, but only one square. When a pawn reaches the eighth line, it may be exchanged for a Queen or any other piece the player may select.

The relative value of the pieces depends largely upon their position. Under ordinary circumstances they rank about as follows :—

The Pawn, - - - - -	1
The Knight, - - - -	3
The Bishop, - - - - -	3
The Rook, - - - - -	4½
The Queen, - - - - -	9½

LAWS OF THE GAME.

The laws of the game, as given in a popular handbook, are as follows :—

1. The Chess-board must be so placed that each player has a white corner square nearest his right hand. If the board have been improperly placed, it must be adjusted, provided *four* moves on each side have not been played, but not afterwards.

2. If a piece or Pawn be misplaced at the beginning of a game, either player may insist upon the mistake being rectified, if he discover it before playing his fourth move, but not afterwards.

3. Should a player at the commencement of

a game omit to place all his men on the board, he may correct the omission before playing his fourth move, but not afterwards.

4. If a player, undertaking to give the odds of a piece or Pawn, neglect to move it from the board, his adversary, after *four* moves have been played on each side, has the choice of proceeding with, or re-commencing the game.

5. When no odds are given, the player must take the first move of each game alternately, drawing lots who shall begin the first game. If a game be drawn, the player who began it has the first move for the following one.

6. The player who gives the odds has the right of moving first in each game, unless otherwise agreed. Whenever a Pawn is given, it is understood to be always the King's Bishop's Pawn.

7. A piece or Pawn touched must be played, unless at the moment of touching it the player say, "*J'adoube*," or words to that effect; but if a Pawn or piece be displaced or overturned by accident, it may be restored to its place.

8. While a player holds the piece or Pawn he has touched, he may play it to any other than the square he took it from; but having quitted it, he cannot recall the move.

9. Should a player touch one of his adversary's pieces or Pawns without saying "*J'adoube*," or words to that effect, his adversary may compel him to take it; but if it cannot be legally taken, he may oblige him to move his King. Should his King, however, be so posted that he cannot be legally moved, no penalty can be inflicted.

10. Should a player move one of his adversary's men, his antagonist has the option of compelling him,—1st, to replace the piece or Pawn, and move his King; 2nd, to replace the piece or Pawn, and take it; 3rd, to let the piece or Pawn remain on the square to which it had been played, as if the move were correct.

11. If a player take one of his adversary's men with one of his own that cannot take it without making a false move, his adversary has the option of compelling him to take it with a piece or Pawn that can legally take it, or to move his own piece or Pawn which he touched.

12. Should a player take one of his own men with another, his adversary has the option of obliging him to move either.

13. If a player make a false move, *i.e.*, play a piece or Pawn to a square to which it cannot legally be moved, his adversary has the choice of three penalties; *viz.*—1st, of compelling him to let the piece or Pawn remain on the square to which he played it; 2nd, to move correctly to another square; 3rd, to replace the piece or Pawn, and move his King.

14. Should a player move out of his turn, his adversary may choose whether both moves shall remain, or the second be retracted.

15. When a Pawn is first moved in a game, it may be played one or two squares; but in the latter case the opponent has the privilege of taking it *en passant* with any Pawn which could have taken it, had it been played one square only. A Pawn cannot be taken *en passant* by a piece.

16. A player cannot castle in the following cases:—1. If the King or Rook have been moved; 2. If the King be in check; 3. If there be any piece between the King and Rook; 4. If the King pass over any squares attacked by one of the adversary's pieces or Pawns. Should a player castle in any of the above cases, his adversary has the choice of three penalties, *viz.*—1st, of insisting that the move remain; 2nd, of compelling him to move the King; 3rd, of compelling him to move the Rook.

17. If a player touch a piece or Pawn that cannot be moved without leaving the King in check, he must replace the piece or Pawn and move his King; but if the King cannot be moved, no penalty can be inflicted.

18. If a player attack the adverse King without saying "check," his adversary is not obliged to attend to it; but if the former, in playing his next move, were to say "check," last player must retract his last move, and he that is under check must obviate it.

19. If the King has been in check for several moves, and it cannot be ascertained how it occurred, the player whose King is in check must retract his last move and free his King from check; but if the moves made subsequent to the check be known, they must be retracted.

20. Should a player say "check," without giving it, and his adversary in consequence move his King, or touch a piece or Pawn to interpose, he may retract such move, provided his adversary have not completed his last move.

21. Every Pawn which has reached the eighth or last square of the Chess-board must be immediately exchanged for a Queen or any other piece the player may think fit, even though all the pieces remain on the board. It follows, therefore, that he may have two or more Queens, three or more Rooks, Bishops, or Knights.

22. If a player remain at the end of the game with a Rook and Bishop against a Rook; with both Bishops only; with Knight and Bishop only, &c., he must checkmate his adversary in fifty moves on each side at most, or the game will be considered as drawn. The fifty moves commence from the time the adversary gives notice that he will count them. The law holds good for all other checkmates of pieces only, such as Queen, or Rook only, Queen against a Rook, &c.

23. If a player agree to checkmate with a particular piece or Pawn, or on a particular square, or engage to force his adversary to stalemate or checkmate him, he is not restricted to any number of moves.

24. A stalemate is a drawn game.

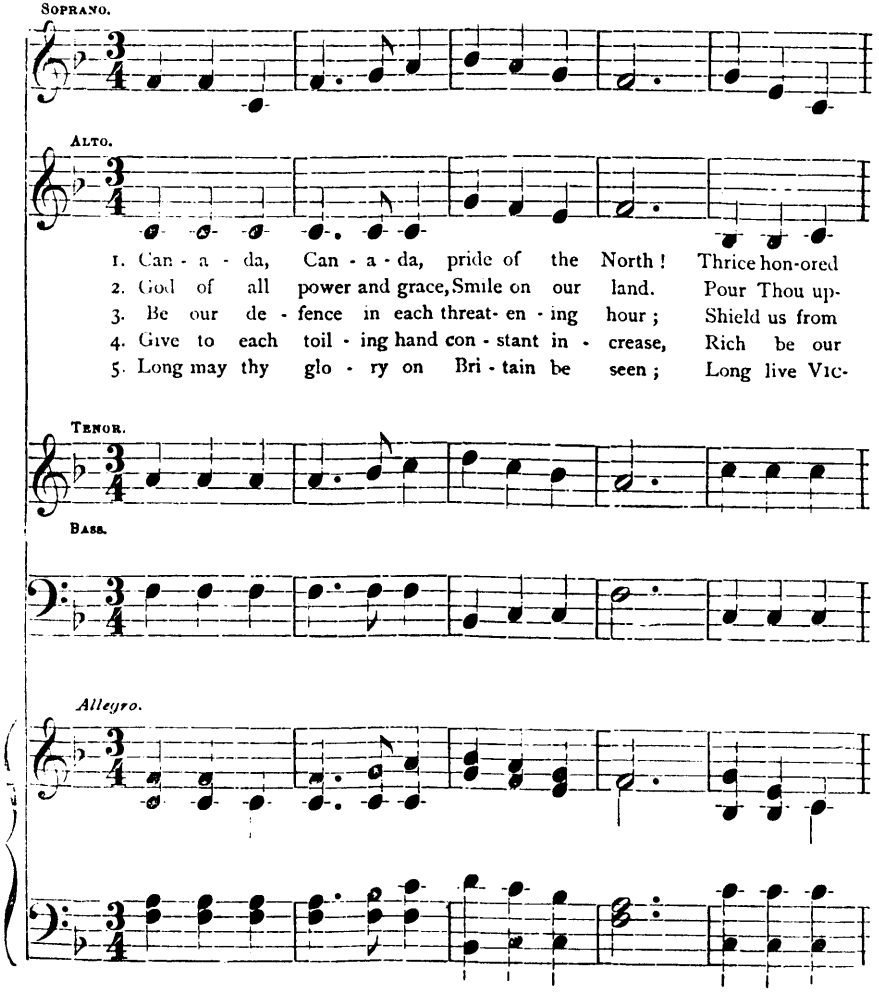
25. If a player make a false move, castle improperly, &c., the adversary must take notice of such irregularity before he touches a piece or Pawn, or he will not be allowed to inflict any penalty.

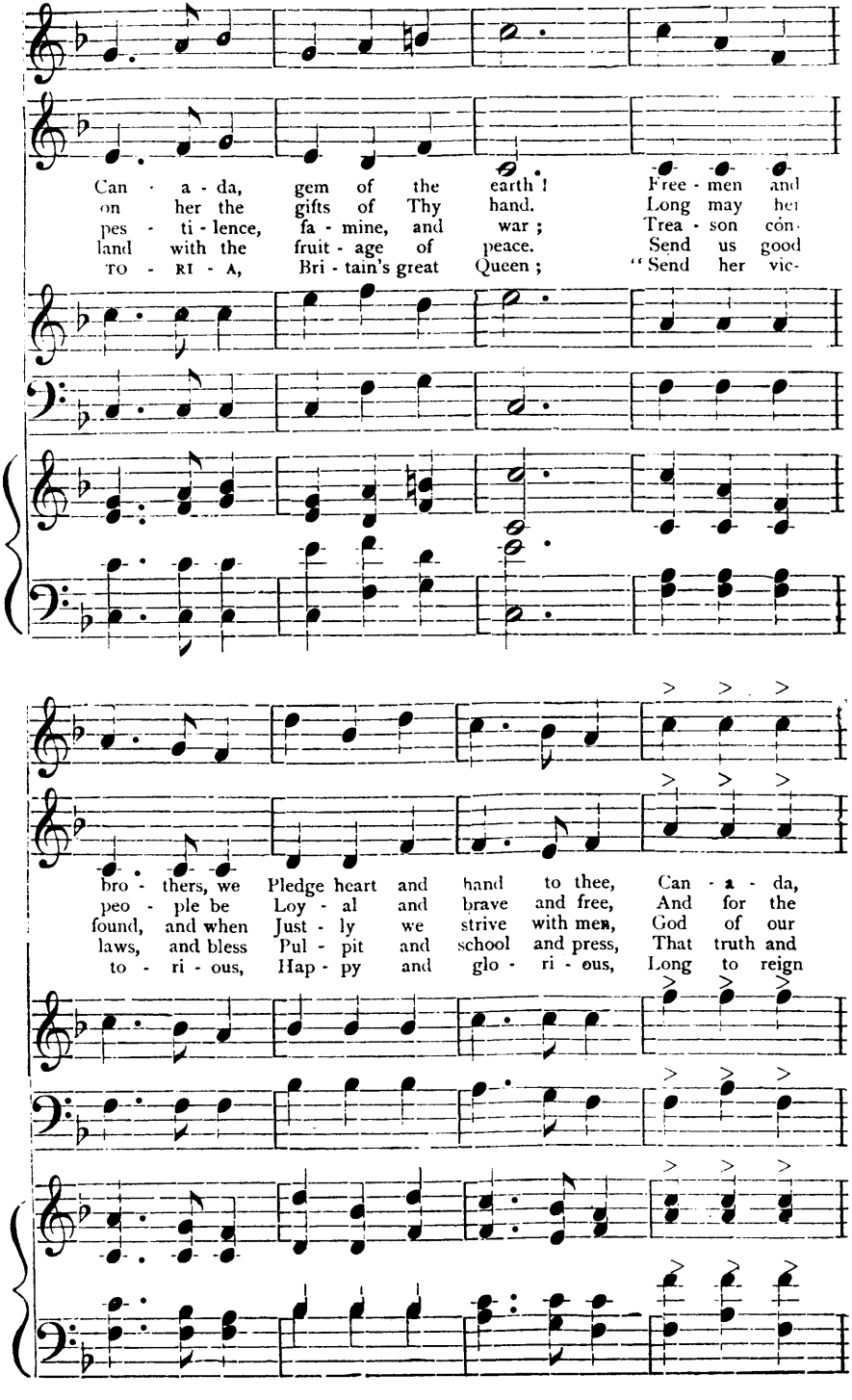
26. Should any question arise, respecting which there is no law, or in case of a dispute respecting any law, the players must refer the point to the most skilful disinterested bystanders, and their decision must be considered as conclusive.

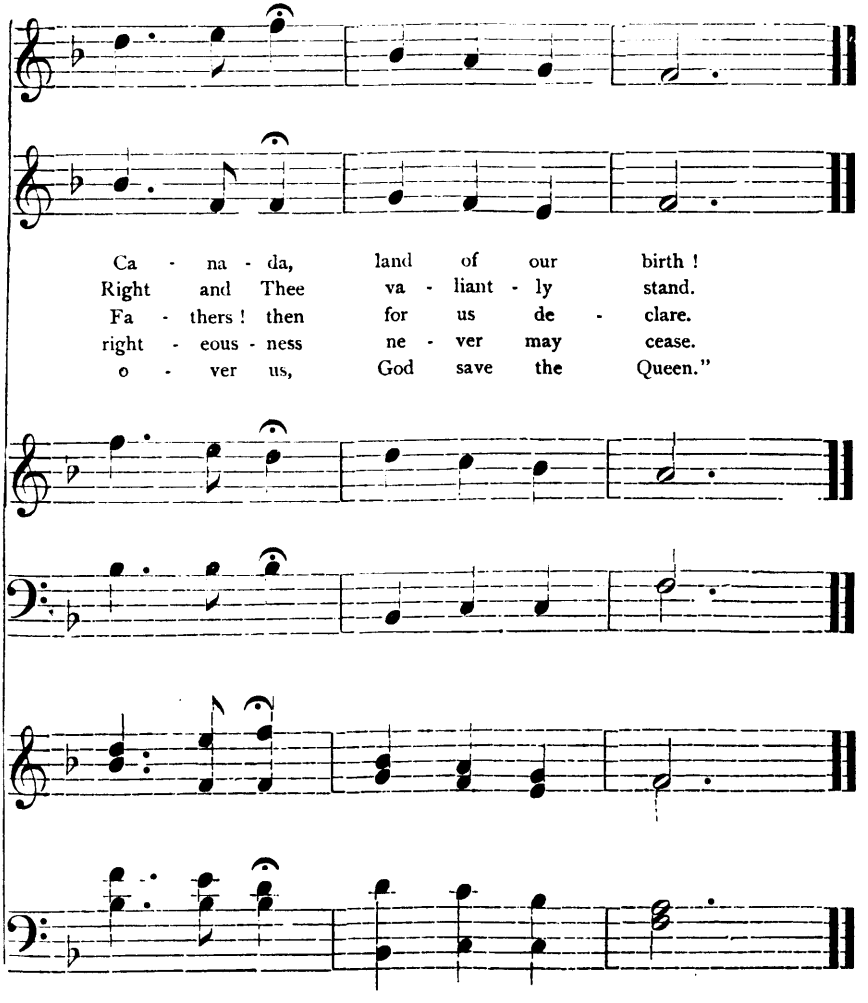
CANADIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Dedicated by special permission to His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and through him to the Canadian People.

Words and music by Rev. L. Hooker.




Can - a - da, gem of the earth! Free - men and
on her the gifts of Thy hand. Long may her
pes - ti - lence, fa - mine, and war; Trea - son con-
land with the fruit - age of peace. Send us good
TO - RI - A, Bri - tain's great Queen; "Send her vic-
bro - thers, we Pledge heart and hand to thee, Can - a - da,
peo - ple be Loy - al and brave and free, And for the
found, and when Just - ly we strive with men, God of our
laws, and bless Pul - pit and school and press, That truth and
to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign


Ca - na - da, land of our birth !
Right and Thee va - liant - ly stand.
Fa - thers ! then for us de - clare.
right - eous - ness ne - ver may cease.
o - ver us, God save the Queen."

Literary Notices.

SPIRITUALISM AND ALLIED CAUSES AND CONDITIONS OF NERVOUS DERANGEMENT. By William A. Hammond, M. D., Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is an interesting discussion of the phenomena which have their origin in nervous derangement. Spiritualism, Somnambulism, Hysteria, Fasting Girls, Catalepsy, Stigmatization, and a host of similar phenomena or hallucinations are taken up, the evidence analyzed, and the scientific view of the subject presented. The work is of great interest and of no little value, although, as Prof. Hammond gives us to understand that he looks upon all belief in miracles as superstition, it is evident that he is not in all things a safe guide. He finds the explanation of some of the spiritualistic phenomena in the fact that the spinal cord and sympathetic ganglia are not devoid of mental power. More, apparently, can be explained by imagination. Our extracts give a good idea of the scope and character of the work :—

CONCENTRATING THE ATTENTION.

Physicians know very well that actual organic disease may be produced by the habitual concentration of the attention on an organ. The fancies of the hypochondriac may thus in time become realities.

Many of the facts of spiritualism are clearly explainable by referring them to this influence.

A so-called "spiritual photograph" is shown to a sorrowing mother, and immediately she recognizes the features of her dead son ; the wish is in such cases father to the thought. I have repeatedly known the same photograph acknowledged to be the exact likeness of several very different persons, solely because those who looked at it and carefully examined every feature, were told beforehand that it was a correct portrait of some one in whom they were specially interested.

An experiment illustrating how the sense of sight may be perverted by the concentration of the attention, may be readily made by any one. Let him go out into the middle of Union Square, for instance, and look steadily towards the zenith, at nothing. In a few minutes he will have a crowd about him, all gazing eagerly in the same direction. He need not utter a word, not even in reply to the questions that may be asked him. In a short time some one will declare he sees something, another will see a bird far up in the air, another a star, another a balloon, and so on. Then let the original observer declare the object to be a kite or any other thing which it is possible to see in the sky, and forthwith many present will at once agree that it is a kite, while all the time their sense of vision is being deceived by an unreal image.

In his book on Hypnotism, to which fuller reference will presently be made, Mr. Braid says, that on one occasion he requested four gentlemen to lay their arms on a table with the palms of their hands upwards, each one to look at the palm of his hand for a few minutes, and at the same time concentrating his attention on it and to wait for the result. In about five minutes, the first, one of the present members of the Royal Academy, stated that he felt a sensation of great cold in the hands ; another, who is a very talented author, said that for some time he thought nothing was going to happen, but at last a darting, pricking sensation took place from the palm of the hand, as if electric sparks were being drawn from it ; the third gentleman, lately mayor of a large borough, said that he felt a very uncomfortable sensation of heat come over his hand ; the fourth, secretary to an important association, had become rigidly cataleptic, his arm being firmly fixed to the table.

It is perfectly within the range of our experience that many who go to witness the performances of mediums should, upon being told to fix the attention on a certain event which was about to take place, experience the sensation through the sight, hearing, touch or smell, that the event did in reality occur, when in fact they have been deceived. Upon one occasion I was present when a medium announced that he was about to increase his height. He disappeared behind a screen, and on emerging to view, every one present, except myself, perceived an increase

of height which they variously fixed at from five to eight inches. But I had taken the precaution to measure with my eye the distance from the top of his head to the chandelier under which he stood, and I saw that he almost touched it. When he came from behind the screen and stood under the chandelier it was very evident that the increase in height consisted of about two inches, an amount which any tall man can at will apparently add to his stature.

SLEIGHT OF HAND.

A still more important factor in the production of spiritualistic manifestations is sleight of hand. The perfection to which this art is carried by accomplished performers is really remarkable, and is much more wonderful than would be real visitations of spirits. For when we are dealing with what appear to be circumstances and conditions of every-day life and are deceived, with all the elements of knowledge at our command, it is certainly more astonishing than would be the actual appearance before our eyes of something which no one had ever seen before, and of which no one knew anything.

For instance, a man stands before us clothed in ordinary apparel, and on an open stage of a theatre, with no drapery within reach, and noing to obstruct our full view of him. He takes a white cambric handkerchief out of his coat pocket, and holds it in both hands stretched out before him. He then, still holding one corner with his left hand, seizes the other corner with his teeth and with the free right hand proceeds to take from under the handkerchief bowl after bowl, to the number of a dozen, full of water to the brim, and each containing several gold fish. Another places a stool in full view of the spectators, and on this stool puts a large empty basket. There is no curtain around the stool, and it would apparently be impossible for anything to pass through the bottom of the basket without being seen by every one present. A woman then gets into the basket, the lid is closed, and the performer, drawing a long sharp sword, plunges it in all directions into the basket. Shrieks and groans, gradually getting fainter and fainter, apparently come from the basket; blood, or what has the appearance of blood, drops from the sword, and finally, the cries having ceased, the performer desists from his horribly realistic performance, during which several ladies have fainted, and announces that he has done a part of his task, and will now proceed to its conclusion. He calls loudly in an unknown tongue, and straightway the woman who had entered the basket walks into the room from the farther end, and takes her place upon the stage with as much *sang-froid* as though she had not been just butchered in presence of four or five hundred people.

Now, such things are to me more wonderful, deceptions as they are avowed to be, than would be the apparition of a ghost of a person I knew to be dead. A man in evening dress cannot reasonably be supposed to be able to carry a dozen gallon bowls full of water and fish in his waistcoat pockets. Such capacity is not for a moment to be admitted, and yet he in some way or other deceives the eyes of the hundreds of persons who are watching him with every intention of detecting him if they can. A woman enters an empty basket and gets out in full presence of many people without any one seeing her leave, while the attention of all is concentrated upon the place where she is. If the spirit of Julius Cæsar should appear to me I should not be as much confounded as by this performance. I know nothing of Julius Cæsar's spirit, of its attributes, or of the circumstances of its visibility or invisibility,—I do not even know that it exists. I neither believe nor disbelieve in its existence. That of which nothing is known cannot excite astonishment, for we are only astonished when our preconceived notions of things are suddenly overturned. But the conviction of a woman going into a basket is, that she cannot get out of it, in our presence and within our view, without our knowledge, and when she does get out under these circumstances we are naturally astonished.

THE SPIRIT OF SAMSON.

But we may admit that the circumstances detailed by Jacolliot really occurred, and still we have a better explanation either than that of spiritual influence or a new force, the laws of which have not been studied. For instance, I find in a recently issued book by Mr. J. Stanley Grimes some personal experiences which are in all respects as reliable as those detailed by Mr. Crookes and M. Jacolliot. Mr. Grimes is a lecturer on phrenology, animal magnetism, electro-biology, etc. He expresses the utmost contempt for spiritualistic doctrines, and attributes the performances of mediums either to downright fraud or to some one of the semi-abnormal conditions with which educated physicians are well acquainted. Thus he says:

"We are now prepared to understand another class of experiments to which I have not before alluded. Say to the subject, 'You cannot put your hat on.' He takes the hat and tries to put it on, but his hand moves the hat to one side and then to the other side, but will not obey his will. He seems to make great efforts, and nearly succeeds and then repeats his efforts, but in vain. Tell him that he cannot sit down, or get up, or open his eyes, or speak, and he tries and fails in the same manner. The modern spiritualists and some others assert that there are two wills contending; that one is the will of the operator and the other that of the subject; but it is easy to prove that this is not true. Any one who will perform the experiment will find that the mere unexpressed will of the operator is ineffectual. The truth is that both the contending forces are in the brain of the subject himself—one force is his own proper and normal will and this is rendered abortive by the superior force of the conforming faculties.

"In Judge Edmonds' book on spiritualism, he gives an account of a performance with a

table, which several men could not hold still. In spite of their efforts, the spirits pushed it over and held it down till the spirits were requested to allow it to be raised, when it was lifted with great ease. In this case one force was supposed to be the wills of the men who had hold of the table, and the other force to be exerted by some invisible spirit. In reality both forces resided in the brains of the distinguished operators themselves.

"I often perform an experiment involving the same principles in the presence of large audiences. After a person is found to be susceptible and conforming, I ask him to take hold of a table and hold it still if he can. I then ask the spirit to push it over towards him. He will take hold of the table and while he seems to be holding it up, an unseen power appears to be pushing it over. He is in reality holding it up with one hand and pulling it over with the other. If his conforming organs are sufficiently excited the experiment will succeed perfectly; the table will go over and he will be unable to raise it again until I request the spirit to allow him to do so.

But I have recently performed an experiment similar in all essential results to that reported by M. Jacolliot. I took a small oblong Japanese table weighing only a pound and a half, and in the presence of a young man of a highly impressionable, nervous organization, and hence peculiarly well fitted to be acted upon by the force of suggestion, placed it upon the floor of my consulting-room, raising a corner of the rug so that it could rest upon the bare floor. I then said to him, "I am going to make this table so heavy that you cannot raise it; please give me your attention for a few minutes."

I then placed the ends of my fingers of both hands on the table and stood in that position for about fifteen minutes. During this procedure, the young man looked at the table and me with the greatest interest, and when I saw from the expression of his face that his attention was sufficiently concentrated, I removed my hands and told him the table was now fastened to the floor, and that he could not lift it. He took hold of the light object with both hands, and appeared to be making strong efforts to raise it from the floor, but he could not, and I saw that so far from endeavoring to lift it as he supposed he was doing, he was in reality pressing it with all his might towards the floor. Finally he broke the top of the table in half, not by holding, but by pushing. He then desisted from his exertions and asked me to lighten the table so that he could lift it. I made a few passes over it, and then telling him he could raise it easily, he took hold of it and succeeded of course, without any appreciable exertion.

Correspondence.

A gentleman recently from Sweden writes to us concerning the article entitled "Bernadotte" which appeared in our June number. He says:—

It provokes me that Sweden shall be so little known in Canada, that whenever (which seldom happens) any reference is made to it or its inhabitants, the truth in nine cases out of ten will suffer. I remember well, when I came here, how a certain Protestant clergyman asked me if Sweden was a Protestant or Roman Catholic country. This seems strange to me, who know Sweden to be the most Protestant country in the world,—in fact entirely so, only a few foreigners professing the Roman Catholic faith. This gentleman was an A. M., and graduate of one of the first universities in Ontario which boasts, perhaps rightly, of its high educational system. Although such ignorance, by such a man, in church history, is unpardonable, I mainly attribute it to the fact that Sweden has not succeeded in awakening sufficient interest in the Canadian mind, and consequently remains to the multitude a *terra incognita*. I have often been tempted to point out the frequent misstatements occurring in the journals; but not being so conversant with the English language as I could wish, I have desisted. Supposing the memoir to be written this year, it gives the impression that the present Swedish King, a grandson of Bernadotte should have brothers alive. This is

not the case, neither that his daughter is married to the Danish Crown-Prince, although it may well apply to the late King Charles XV. Sweden has certainly, in common with all other civilized nations, during the last fifty years, been making tremendous progress in agriculture and manufacture; but how much may be credited to Bernadotte, outside of the purely political side of the question, you may judge from the fact that he, although living thirty-four years in Sweden, never learned to speak the language of the land. Bernadotte was rich, the most common conviction being that he was paid money privately by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, for the promise of his and Sweden's assistance against Napoleon; he was offered Finland, just then wrested from Sweden, or money; he took the last,—maybe he did not then feel quite sure of the Danish Crown. In a political view, although Sweden then was bleeding for Finland, wrung from it after a union of six hundred years, it was considered by most people far the wisest plan to leave it with Russia, as it always would have been a matter of dispute. Both he himself and his Queen, who lived many years after him, lived in a truly grand and royal style, and I well remember when a boy, how, when either of them came through my native town, a fortified place, all the military and civil officers must parade with all possible pomp and show; how a hundred horses were brought together to station after station (neither railroads nor telegraphs were to be found in Sweden in Charles XIV.'s lifetime) to carry them and their large suite from one end of the land to the other, regardless of the great inconvenience and loss to the farmers, who, *nolens volens*, must supply the required number Their son and grandsons in later years you would often see driving with two horses, when at the same time the Queen dowager never rode with less than eight. So much for his simplicity of living. That Bernadotte took personal part in the military operations which ended in the overthrow of Napoleon is a well-known historical fact, and some consider it a blot on his else fair fame, that he, a Frenchman, allowed himself to serve against France and his benefactor. This was so keenly felt in France, that when Bernadotte after the restoration of the Monarchy, once visited Paris, he was hardly recognized, and his reception by every body was of the coolest kind. That he, a great military genius, well acquainted with the tactics of Napoleon, should be sought for by the allies, was natural; and the consequence was, that Sweden brought over to Germany in the year 1813 an army of 24,000 men under Bernadotte. On the 27th of August, Napoleon gained one of his most splendid successes at the battle of Dresden, the consequences of which probably would have been very disastrous to the cause of the allies, had not, about the same time, the French been beaten in other parts of Germany. At Kulm, Vandamme was defeated. At Gross Beeren, Oudinot, with a force of 80,000 men, was beaten by the Swedes and Prussians under Bernadotte. In consequence, Oudinot was superseded in his command by Ney, the bravest of the brave; but on the 6th of September, Ney also was beaten by Bernadotte, with a loss of 13,000 men, at Dennewitz, near Berlin. At last Bernadotte with the Swedes fought in the great battle of Leipsic, the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, where Napoleon was so signally defeated. In the enormous array against France in the beginning of 1814, which was divided into five armies, one, the army of the North, consisting of Prussians, Russians, Germans, Swedes and Dutch, was commanded by Bernadotte. These facts disprove the statement that Bernadotte never took any personal action in the wars against Napoleon and France.

L. S.

Notice.

SIR A. T. GALT, K. C. M. G., D. C. L.

John Galt, an author of many works of merit, some of which rank amongst the standards of the day, in 1820, when acting as a Parliamentary agent in London, was entrusted with the prosecution of the claims for war losses sustained by inhabitants of Upper Canada in 1812. With the view of providing a fund for payment, he suggested to the Imperial Government the propriety of selling the Crown and Clergy Reserves; and after a visit to Canada as Imperial Commissioner for this purpose, Mr. Galt organized the well-known Canada Company. He came to Canada in 1826, as chief commissioner of this Company, and commenced operations by founding the town of Guelph, and subsequently Goderich. Difficulties connected with the Company, and a disagreement with the old Family Compact Government, led to his retirement in 1829. He afterwards established the British American Land Company in Lower Canada, but ill-health soon obliged him to give up all connection with it. His family, consisting of three sons, were all with him in Canada from 1828 to 1830, attending school at Chambly. They became much attached to the country, and returned here to seek their fortunes. The eldest settled at Goderich, where he held the office of Registrar at his death; the second son, Thomas, is now one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ontario; and the youngest, Alexander Tilloch, is the subject of this sketch.

He was born at Chelsea, London, in 1817, and at an early age evinced a taste for literature. Amongst the evidences of his youthful precocity, is the one that at the age of fourteen he contributed to *Frazer's Magazine*. Two years later, he entered the employ of the American Land Company as a clerk, and rose rapidly till he had the full management of the Company's estates in Canada, and before his resignation in 1856, had raised the Company from a condition bordering on insolvency to one of strength and prosperity. He was one of the first advocates of Canadian railways, and, for a time, president of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, running from Montreal to Portland. In 1852, when its affairs were put into the hands of Mr. Galt and Hon. John Young, it was in a very embarrassed state; but the difficulties were overcome, the road completed, and an alliance made with the Grand Trunk.

He was first elected to Parliament in 1849, when he was returned by Sherbrooke County, but immediately afterwards resigned. In 1853, he was returned for Sherbrooke town, which he continued to represent while in the House. His great financial knowledge and ability, and his power in debate, at once gave him a foremost place in the House. In 1858, after the futile attempt of Messrs. Brown and Dorion to form a working Ministry, His Excellency the Governor-General sent for

Mr. Galt to form a Government. Mr. Galt declined the honor, and subsequently accepted the office of Inspector-General, afterwards Minister of Finance, in the Cartier-Macdonald Ministry, holding the position from 1858 to 1862, when the Ministry was defeated on the Militia Bill. He held the same office from March, 1864, to August, 1866, when he resigned his office and seat in the Cabinet, on the educational policy of the administration. He held the position of Minister of Finance of the Dominion from the first of July, 1867, when he was sworn as a member of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, to 4th November of the same year, when he resigned his seat in the Cabinet for private reasons. He has acted on several commissions to the United States and England, and is quite as well known for declining honors as being the subject of them. Amongst those declined are the title C. B. in 1867, and the Finance Ministership at the resignation of Sir John Rose, two years later. In the latter year he was created Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The consolidation of the public debt and provision for its redemption; the issuing of Provincial notes as currency, and the impetus given by him to direct foreign trade, are amongst the most noticeable features of his official administration in Parliament.

Of later years Sir A. T. Galt has come before the public as an exponent of the views of the small minority in Quebec, who are endeavoring to withstand the encroachments of the Roman Hierarchy upon liberty of expression of thought and religious worship. In a late pamphlet on "Church and State" he holds the views that:

1st.—The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church (the term to be understood as designating its government and polity, not referring to it as a system of religious faith) has changed since confederation; and such change has been signalized in Lower Canada by overt action.

2nd.—This change has affected the general rights of Protestants, as citizens of Quebec; and especially weakened their guarantees obtained at confederation.

3rd.—The issue thus raised is a political one.

At the conclusion of a very able argument on the first subject stated, he sums the matter up by the following propositions, which he considers are conclusively proven, viz., that the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec now extends its demands,

1.—To the general assertion of the superiority of ecclesiastical over civil authority.

2.—To positive interference with both voters and candidates in the elections.

3.—To the exercise of prescription against the press.

4.—To the condemnation of freedom of speech, in opposition to the judgment of the Privy Council.

5.—To the extraordinary position that the Divine assistance claimed to be given to the Pope alone, when speaking *ex cathedra* on "faith and morals," descends with undiminished force to the bishops, priests and cures.

These demands, he urges, are not theoretical merely, but it is notorious that in very many cases they have been acted upon. He does not look to either political party, as the parties are at present constituted in Quebec, for any change in this matter, and in describing the difference between the Church and the Liberal party in the past and the present, says: "The past was bright with actions and declarations all significant of equality of creeds; of liberty of thought and deed; the entire separation of Church from State was solemnly entered upon the Statute book; the Roman Catholic Church reposed on the guarantees given by the British Crown; it was not aggressive, it

meddled not with political strife, it pretended to no superior rights over other churches, and though it was, as a rule, favorable to the Conservative party, it never presumed to dictate to the leaders of that party their political course. All this has changed, and we look in vain for that independence of thought and action which characterized our former French-Canadian leaders, in those who have since confederation administered the Government of Quebec. The party may be called the same, but I fail to recognize it, and few will do so who know that that party was created and led by those wiser minds, who retrieved themselves from the false step of the insurrection of 1837-8, and afterwards led the way in all the necessary Liberal measures that followed the union of Upper and Lower Canada; the settlement of the Clergy Reserves—the abolition of the Feudal Tenure—the introduction of the municipal system—the establishmeut of National education, and a host of other beneficent measures."

The following paragraphs contain the gist of his remedial recommendations:

"Let not our sister Provinces wrap themselves up in indifference—they will soon learn that what injures Quebec injures them,—and that agitation and discord here, means trouble and disurbance at their doors. It would ill become a man of my years and experience, even if it suited my taste, to use the language of menace; but I may fittingly employ words of entreaty and warning,—and I do therefore in the most earnest manner, pray for such sympathy and help as will arrest the designs of those who are now troubling us. Let the Roman Catholics (I speak wholly without reference to party terms, in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, assure those of their own faith here, that they may rely on their aid, and we shall soon see such a phalanx drawn from both political parties, and united with the Protestants, as will make the Hierarchy pause, and return to their proper sphere of teaching piety and morality to their people while living, and supporting them in death with the comforting assurance of happiness hereafter.

* * * * * * *

"Already we may accept the note of warning conveyed in the formation of the Protestant Defence Alliance, and its spreading organizations. It is only the first indication of growing discontent, and should not be disregarded till other and more menacing demonstrations are made. One thing is certain, that the rest of the Dominion cannot allow Quebec to become the seat of chronic agitation and disorder, to the injury and danger of the other members of the Confederation.

* * * * * * *

"In conclusion, let me endeavor to comply with the demand made upon me from various quarters to arrest the evils of which I complain. The course is plain and the result certain, but it involves the co-operation of the leaders of our rival political parties, and can therefore only be obtained through pressure upon them. If the leaders of both political parties would, for once lay aside their mutual jealousies, and unite in a declaration to the Hierarchy, that their interference must absolutely cease, or that all would unite in legislation to check it effectually, this affair must end. To attain this object, I suggest an organization composed of Catholics and Protestants, irrespective of creed, nationality or political party, for the maintenance of the civil rights of the people; such an organization, thoroughly in earnest, would bring sufficient pressure on our rulers, both at Ottawa and Quebec, to ensure their compliance, and to settle for our day at least, the proper and harmonious relations of Church and State."

CENTENNIAL FASHIONS.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

BELL(E)S.

BOSTON BELLE GOES TO ADMIRE,—

NEW YORK BELLE, TO BE ADMIRED.

THE BELL OF '76, THE ONE OUR FOREFATHERS SUPPORTED,

THE BELLE OF '76, WHOM IT WOULD TAKE FOUR FATHERS TO SUPPORT.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

TOPICS OF CONVERSATION.

The increase in the circulation of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, from March 1st to July 13th, 1876, over the corresponding period of the previous year, is a fraction over SIXTY PER CENT. The time when that increase will be over a hundred per cent. is not far distant. If the late changes in the magazine are approved by its readers, they will assist it greatly by speaking of them to their friends. A good magazine affords many topics of conversation for the home circle. Take the present number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for an example. Count Cavour's history may not be of interest to many, but what a host of recollections and matters for discussion it brings up! "The Story of Ruth" is almost an every-day one. How many are there who, rough and ungainly in appearance and manner, but possessing warm feelings, are misunderstood all their lives through, and pass for much less than they are really worth, because they believe that the good within them should be delved for by those with whom they associate? Perhaps this may account for the fact that the value of a really great man is too often not recognized till after his death, and he whom, afterwards, ages revere, is allowed to live neglected and die disheartened. Had Eli's words been as honest as his affections, he might not have so long been left to sigh, "It might have been." "Trois Pistoles" conjures up many reminiscences and pleasant adventures; and "Forest Fires" can not be read without teaching a most important lesson. How often the simplest lessons must be repeated to become a part of character! Our Lord teaches us to forgive seventy times seven; the four hundred and eighty-ninth forgiving might be of no avail, but the next may pour the "coals of fire" on the offender's head. Then there is "The House at the Bridge;" how pregnant with truth it is!—a truth that must be taught the whole life long; for men have fallen from intemperance at the close of life who ran almost their whole race without a visible stumble. Conversation on these subjects could well occupy nights, and the young people should be allowed to listen and engage in the conversation. Their own department might also be taken up. It should not be beneath the dignity of the head of the family to devote a short time to "Boiled and made Beautiful," for little Nellie's sake. The father will be as much, or more, benefited by it than Nellie, and before he finishes, there will be a few rays of light entering through the thick tangled labyrinth of business. Out of "How we Move About," "The Elephants," and, best of all, "Our Three Boys," will crop up so many subjects of thought that the long winter's night will end almost before it was thought to have begun, while the puzzles may do for a quieter hour. Then, again, comes the Home Department, and who can arrive at the answer to "Why?" in an evening, or even a month? It is a question which many parents for most of their lives are called upon to consider. Without going further in this subject, we recommend that the magazine be made a topic of conversation, as above suggested, whereby its value may be greatly enhanced and its influence extended. This will assist in furthering the objects of its publication, which are set forth in the Publishers' Department of the last number, as follows:

Amongst the objects for which this magazine is published, are: to supply to homes a pure and instructive literature, dealing with both fact and fiction; to assist mothers in training their children, and thus in the most effectual way help to solve the problem of the future of this country; to aid the housekeeper to do her work in the easiest and best manner, and thus make each home it visits more comfortable; to teach the principles of health, that preventable diseases may be avoided; to make home happy for the little folks, by providing them with pleasant reading, pictures, and games; to supply monthly extracts from books sufficient to give the reader remote from libraries a good idea of what is going on in the literary world; and, in a word, to disseminate such literature as will conduce to the welfare of the household from the greatest to the least.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

One object which the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has always had in view is, the eliciting, and placing in permanent form, incidents of special interest in the history of our country, which otherwise would probably fall into oblivion. We have also sought to give sketches and tales characteristic of Canadian life; and for what we have been able to accomplish in this respect have to thank our many contributors. The field has by no means been exhausted. There are now living many of the connecting links between this century and the last, whose lives have verged on the heroic age in the history of this country. Their tales of adventure have been told over and over again by the fireside, and many of them are worthy to be repeated for the instruction and amusement of other homes. Will some of our readers send us some of these tales which may be published for the general edification of the readers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY? All contributions accepted are paid for.

A NEW EDITION.

The second edition of three thousand copies of "DRESS AND HEALTH" has just been issued. In addition to the matter contained in the first edition, there is an introductory chapter by Dr. Baynes, editor of the *Public Health Magazine*, which makes the work of increased value. The book is one of one hundred and ninety-three pages, containing the latest and most mature views on the important subject of which it treats. The following extracts from the letters of several Montreal physicians on the subject, illustrate the light in which the book is viewed by medical men:

Dr. Trenholme, Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children in Bishop's College, says: "With few exceptions, I heartily endorse the views so ably advocated, which, resting, as they do, upon a sound physiological and common sense basis, should receive the attention of every parent in the land."

Dr. E. K. Patton says: "I have read it and consider it a sound, practical, and concise work, which fully explains the effects of the present unhygienic style of ladies' dress, well worthy of careful perusal."

Dr. J. L. Leprohon, Professor of Sanitary Science, University of Bishop's College, writes: "If they (the ladies) will only adopt some of the practical rules thus given, they will stand less in need of physicians and prescriptions, and find life much pleasanter to themselves."

Dr. Perrigo says: "Its teaching is based upon physiological rules. Mothers should well consider the lessons to be learned by its perusal."

Dr. Coderre writes: "Having read the greater portion of this little work, I have no doubt that it will produce in society the most happy effects. Being essentially addressed to the ladies, it will not fail to make them reflect on their manner of dressing, and on the disastrous effects of the fashions of the day. The abuses which are described are, in a great part, the cause of the sickness and feebleness of young people, as well as of mothers, who see with regret premature old age."

The price of this little volume is 30 cents, for which amount it is sent free by post to any address in Canada or the United States. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE AND LITERARY REVIEW.

The second yearly volume of this magazine will be issued in a few days. As its title indicates, it is issued in the interest of the public health. It contains the monthly record of the mortality in the City of Montreal and suburbs, the latest mortality statistics of other cities and towns in the United States and other countries, and to those interested in such matters must prove an invaluable source of information. Its subscription price is $2.00 per year, which may be sent either to the editor, George A. Baynes, M.D., or John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

DELAY.

Owing to a series of unfortunate events, for some time the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY was issued after the first of the month. A change in this particular has taken place, and this number of the Magazine should reach every subscriber before the first of August. It is expected that future numbers will be issued long enough before date to be prepared for any emergency or unthought-of cause of delay.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL.

Allen's (L. F.) American Cattle	$2 50
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Names should be left with or sent in to the publishers, Messrs. DAWSON BROTHERS, St. James Street, with as little delay as possible, or to their agents in any part of the Dominion.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all our publications on or before August 15th, 1876:

For largest amount,		1st	prize,	$20
For second largest amount,		2nd	"	15
For third	" "	3rd	"	12
For fourth	" "	4th	"	10
For fifth	" "	5th	"	8
For sixth	" "	6th	"	7
For seventh	" "	7th	"	6
For eighth	" "	8th	"	5
For ninth	" "	9th	"	4
For tenth	" "	10th	"	3

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of $15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends us the largest *number* of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six or twelve months, we will give a prize of $10.00. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $10.00. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amounts sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of $5.00. This is also open to all competitors, and the amounts will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Newfoundland.

VII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Manitoba.

VIII. A prize of $5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from British Columbia.

The following are the prices for the publications included in the competition, and the commissions allowed to competitors:

	Subscription post paid.	Deduction on Remittances for new subs.
DAILY WITNESS	$3 00	50c
TRI-WEEKLY	2 00	35c
WEEKLY	1 10	25c
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	1 50	30c
NORTHERN MESSENGER	30	5c
NORTHERN MESSENGER Club of 10	2 50	30c
WEEKLY WITNESS, with NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	2 35	50c

It will be seen by the above table that every one working for a prize is sure of a full commission on new subscribers under any circumstances, and may obtain a prize as well. It should not be forgotten that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription; it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All competitors should invariably collect the full subscription prices. Let the contest be a sharp one—one worth winning. All competition lists must be marked "In competition." Without this or similar notice the amount sent cannot be recognized when our prize list is made up.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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